The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C. *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* February *will be noticed in the* March *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th March, *in the* April *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

There is now some prospect of the great life of George Borrow, which has been so long in preparation by Professor Knapp, formerly of Yale University and now of Chicago. Professor Knapp's transference from Yale to Chicago has prevented the earlier publication of the work, but we believe it may be expected this year. It will form three large volumes, and will be a work of extraordinary interest.

Professor Knapp began to study Borrow in 1853. It inspired him with enthusiasm for linguistic and gipsy studies, and a long residence in Spain, during which his lines of travel were many times trodden over, led Professor Knapp to gather all his printed books and articles published from 1823 to 1874, and eventually to secure his papers, correspondence, manuscripts, and note-books, and the scattered remains of his library. From this mass of authentic records it has been possible to prepare a clear, exhaustive, and trustworthy account of his origin, his early struggles, his later triumphs, his withdrawal from the "trumpery society of London," and his absolute refusal to furnish data for his personal history. Professor Knapp says that the obituaries which have hitherto appeared are very unsatisfactory. He excepts only an article by the Rev. O. W. Tancock in the *Norvicensium* for 1882; he also finds the edition of 'Lavengro' and 'Romany Rye' incomplete, and proposes to restore them with the omitted passages and episodes of the manuscripts, and with full illustrations and comments.

The obscure period in Borrow's life is from 1826 to about 1833. Borrow himself calls it the veiled period, and sometimes the "eight years" in his letters to Richard Ford. He steadily refused to lift the veil even to his best friends. It was a period of poverty, anguish, hack authorship and waiting in Norwich and in London. It may be said practically to have closed in July 1833, when Borrow went to St. Petersburg for the Bible Society. His marriage took place about 1840, with Mrs. Clarke, of Oulton Hall, Suffolk. In 1843 he sketched an autobiography under the title of 'Life: A Drama,' by George Borrow; but this was never carried out according to the original plan. By the way, the title is curiously near Alexander Smith's, 'A Life Drama.' Professor Knapp has secured many communications from friends of Borrow in England, and his work will be eagerly anticipated.

It is understood that Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, whose 'Concise Gazetteer' has been a great success, are engaged in preparing a new edition of their 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' the original editor of which was the late Dr. Robert Carruthers.

We understand that the summary of the literature of '94 (which has attracted the attention of "A Philistine" in his *Westminster Gazette* articles on the "New Logrolling," and of other critics) was written, as in the previous year, by Mr. Arthur Symons. Mr. Symons is better known as the author of 'Silhouettes.' He is besides a leading member of the staff of the *Saturday Review*, as now constituted, and a contributor to the *Yellow Book*. A new volume of poems from his pen is announced by the Bodley Head.

The most mysterious publishing house in these islands would seem to be that known simply as "Whaley, Dublin," which published the poems of A. E. the other day. It has more recently turned its attention to prose in a volume little less remarkable than, if not so original as, A. E.'s, by "John Eglinton," entitled 'The Remnant.' It has been stated, but we believe mistakenly, that Mr. Eglinton is only A. E. under another disguise. The fact would seem to be that Mr. Eglinton is the mysterious publisher himself, Mr. Whaley, whose real name—and we do but disclose what is already an open secret in Dublin—is, in turn, Mr. Charles Weekes. Mr. Weekes, it may be recalled, is the author of a volume of very subjective and introspective verse, 'Reflections and Refractions,' published more than a year ago by Mr. Fisher Unwin, and withdrawn from circulation by the author very soon after publication.

But who is A. E.? Those readers who have happened to visit the headquarters of the Dublin Lodge of the Theosophical Society at any time, must have been struck by the extraordinary and wildly fantastic Blake-like frescoes adorning the walls of an otherwise commonplace room. These designs are pointed out as the work of a leading member of the Lodge, Mr. George Russell, an invariable debater at every meeting. Another former member of the Lodge, Mr. W. B. Yeats, inscribed the first book by which he became known, 'Irish Fairy and Folk Tales' (Camelot Series)—

To my Mystical Friend,
G. R.

A. E., then, is G. R., and G. R. is Mr. George Russell. Mr. Weekes formed another of this little band of Irish mystics, whose work is at length winning, by most unlikely methods, a sudden recognition.

Mr. John Murray will publish soon a reprint of some of Dr. Barry's literary articles from the *Quarterly Review*.

The following highly interesting letter, written by Mr. Stevenson to an American friend, has not, so far as we know, been yet published in this country:—

"DEAR MR. ILES,—The undersigned was born in 1850, November the 13th, in the city of Edinburgh. He was always sick when he was a child. You will find a good deal of autobiographical matter in the new volume of essays, 'Memories and Portraits,' soon to be issued by Charles Scribner's Sons. He—O, hang this!—I was educated for a civil engineer on my father's design, and was at the building of harbours and lighthouses, and worked in a carpenter's shop and a brass foundry, and hung about wood yards and the like. Then it came out that I was learning nothing, and, on being tightly cross-questioned during a dreadful evening walk, I owned I cared for nothing but literature. My father said that was no profession, but I might be called to the bar if I chose; so, at the age of 21, I began to study law.

"Two years after I met Sidney Colvin, who took me up and introduced my work. My first paper appeared, just after I was 23, in the *Portfolio*, under the harmless anagram of 'L. S. Stoneven.' It was called 'Roads.' My second, written that same winter at Mentone, came out in *Macmillan*. It has been reprinted—'Ordered South.' It took me pretty near three months to write, I imagine. No one ever had such pains to learn a trade as I had; but I slogged at it, day in, day out, and I frankly believe (thanks to my dire industry) I have done more with smaller gifts than almost any man of letters in the world. My first story (that I had dared to reprint) was 'Will o' the Mill,' written in France. The scenery is a kind of hash-up of the Murgthal in Baden and the Brenner Pass in the Tyrol, over which I went when I was 12. The next was 'A Lodging for a Night,' written concurrently with my study on Villon in 'Men and Books.' The first 'New Arabian Nights,' properly so called, was begun at the Burford Bridge Inn (see a gossip in *Romance*, in the forthcoming volume), where I stayed to be near George Meredith; they were continued in London, Edinburgh, Paris, Barbizon, and finished at Le Monastère (see 'Travels with a Donkey'), all within about five months; this will give you a notion of my roving ways. That same autumn I wrote 'Providence and the Guitar,' part at London, part in Cambridge; so that year saw me quite the story teller. It was that same spring that I had brought out 'An Inland Voyage,' my first volume. 'The Pavilion on the Links' was begun in London, finished in Monterey, California. 'Treasure Island,' begun at Braemar, finished at Davos; the whole in two bursts of about fifteen days each, my quickest piece of work. 'Kidnapped' was all written at Bournemouth, inside of a year, in probably five months actual writing, and one of these months entirely over the last chapters, which had to be put together without interest or inspiration, almost word by word, for I was entirely worked out.

"'Kidnapped,' you may like to know, I consider infinitely my best, and, indeed, my only good story. 'Prince Otto' was written at Hyères; it took me about five months, in the inside of a year, not counting the first chapter, which was written before at Kingussie. 'Otto' was my hardest effort, for I wished to do something very swell, which did not quite come off. Whole chapters of 'Otto' were written as often as five or six times, and one chapter, that of the Countess and the Princess, eight times by me and once by my wife—my wife's version was the second last. 'The Treasure of Franchard' was mostly written at Kingussie. 'Jekyll,' 'Olalla,' 'Markheim' were all written at Bournemouth. 'The Dynamiter,' begun at Hyères, finished at Bournemouth. 'Thrawn Janet,' at Kincaid, near Pitlochrie. 'The Merry Men,' begun at Pitlochrie, finished at Davos. My life of Fleeming Jenkin, now in the press, is another child of Bournemouth. 'The Silverado Squatters' hails from Hyères, 'Travels with a Donkey' from Edinburgh, 'An Inland Voyage' from Edinburgh and Dieppe. In a forthcoming number of *Scribner's Magazine* you will find something about my dreams. This is enough gossip, I hope; if you want more let me know.

—Yours very truly, R. L. S."

"*Saranac Lake, N.Y., Oct. 29th*, 1887."

We have before us a report of the proceedings which took place at Vailima, Mr. Stevenson's residence, at the beginning of October last year. When the Samoan chiefs had completed constructing a section of the road for the novelist and his family, Mr. Stevenson entertained the chiefs and a number of Samoans, along with other friends, and then delivered a long and impressive address from which we make the following extracts:—

VAILIMA, WITH VIEW OF VAEA MOUNTAIN.

"Mr. Stevenson then referred to the parable of the Talents, Matt. xxv. 14-30, and continuing, impressively asked: What are you doing with your talent, Samoa? Your three talents, Savii, Upolu, Tutuila? Have you buried it in a napkin? Not Upolu at least. You have rather given it out to be trodden under feet of swine; and the swine cut down food-trees and burn houses, according to the nature of swine, or of that much worse animal, foolish man, acting according to his folly. 'Thou knewest that I reap where I sowed not, and gather where I have not strawed.' But God has both sown and strawed for you here in Samoa; He has given you a rich soil, a splendid sun, copious rain; all is ready to your hand, half done. And I repeat to you that thing which is sure; if you do not occupy and use your country, others will. It will not continue to be yours or your children's, if you occupy it for nothing. You and your children will in that case be cast out into outer darkness where shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth. For that is the law of God which passeth not away. I who speak to you have seen these things. I have seen them with my eyes, these judgments of God. I have seen them in Ireland, and I have seen them in the mountains of my own country, Scotland, and my heart was sad. These were a fine people in the past, brave, gay, faithful, and very much like Samoans except in the one particular, that they were much wiser, and better at that very business of fighting of which you think so much. But the time came to them as it now comes to you, and it did not find them ready.

"I do not speak of this lightly, because I love Samoa and her people. I love the land, I have chosen it to be my home while I live, and my grave after I am dead; and I love the people and have chosen them to be my people to live and die with. And I see that the day is come now of the great battle; of the great and the last opportunity by which it shall be decided whether you are to pass away like these other races of which I have been speaking, or to stand fast and have your children living on and honouring your memory in the land you received of your fathers."

Miss Susan Fenimore Cooper, who died on December 31st, was the famous author's second daughter, and in later years his amanuensis. She had abundant materials for

writing her father's biography, but she obeyed his own strict prohibition, and it is not likely now that an authoritative life will appear.

In the preface to the third edition of 'The Brontës in Ireland,' Dr. William Wright sums up the additional information he has received from correspondents in Ireland. "The dispersed of the Boyne Brontës have been traced [to Lough Earne], and their name is 'Prunty.' But, says Dr. Wright, "the form 'Prunty' raises no difficulty whatever to anyone acquainted with the marvellous transformations which names undergo in illiterate parts of Ireland; but the use of the name at Lough Earne may have led to its conjectural application to the County Down branch of the family." A Welsh relative has sent a story of James Brontë, uncle of the novelists, who disguised himself and played the gipsy fortune-teller with much success among his neighbours, thus supplying Charlotte with a well-known incident in 'Jane Eyre.'

Maarten Maartens has had a successful boom in Germany, where Ahn has brought out a very handsome 'Gottesnarr,' with an etching of the author by a German professor. Mr. Maartens' other books are to follow, and the first has been very well received by the critics.

A new volume of poems by Mr. W. B. Yeats, 'Under the Moon,' will be published shortly by Mr. Unwin.

Mr. Churton Collins's new volume of essays will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan immediately.

The next volume of the Eversley Series will be 'Selections from Thoreau,' edited by Henry S. Salt.

'The Bondman' and 'The Scapegoat' have hitherto been published in Mr. Heinemann's 3s. 6d. series. They are now to be issued at 6s., uniform with 'The Manxman.'

The next volume of Mrs. Garnett's translation of Turgenieff, to be issued by Mr. Heinemann, will be 'On the Eve.'

One of the most valuable and handsome of recent illustrated books has just been issued by Messrs. Marcus Ward. It is 'A Collection of Engraved Portraits (further selection), exhibited by the late James Anderson Rose at the opening of the New Library of the Corporation of London in 1872.' Mr. Gordon Goodwin has compiled the biographies. The portraits, 103 in number, are superbly reproduced, and of great historical and artistic value. The book is published in two volumes, price twelve guineas net.

The new Life of Hans Christian Andersen, which will be illustrated with several drawings from original sketches from the pencil of the celebrated story-teller, is now completed, we hear, and will be issued very soon by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

It is understood that the volume on Thomson of Duddingstone, upon which Mr. Baird is engaged, will contain specimens of the artist-minister's sermons.

The edition of Henry Kingsley's works, now being published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, Bowden and Co., will be complete. It will include an admirable boys' story originally issued in *Good Words for the Young*, and also a collection of Mr. Kingsley's shorter pieces. One of these, 'Clive's Ride,' is greatly admired by Mr. Swinburne, who urged this inclusion.

The philosophical and scientific contributions to the periodical press of the late Professor G. J. Romanes are being collected and edited, with a view to early publication in book form, by Mr. Wyndham C. Dunstan.

We understand that the book on Dundee for which Mr. Lamb has been gathering material for many years will be published soon. The work, which in its various forms has been almost completely subscribed for, is illustrated with old maps and with lithographic reproductions (from old as well as from original drawings) upon which a great deal of labour has been spent.

Mr. Selwyn Image, whose 'Poems and Carols' have been attracting so much attention lately, is better known as a decorative artist, whose windows and frescoes and other decorative work have never yet received their due praise. Mr. Image is another instance of an artist who was intended for the Church, but whose artistic leanings proved too strong for his Oxford environment eventually. He was one of the chief contributors to that periodical extraordinary, the *Hobby Horse*, in which many of his poems first appeared; his drawings in the "Fitzroy Picture Society's" series of coloured cartoons for schools are well known, and he designed for Messrs. Macmillan what is perhaps the most beautiful fount of Greek type that has been cast in our time.

A new quarterly with an interesting purpose is *Le Magazine International*. It is the organ of the Societé Internationale Artistique, whose committee is drawn from the principal European countries. Mr. Havelock Ellis is the English representative. Its motto is Göethe's sentiment that a national literature has no great sense to-day, the time for the universal literature being at hand. To establish a bond between artists of all countries "whose works contribute in a large degree to the evolution of modern life," is its aim. Dramatic representations, concerts, picture exhibitions, lectures, all of an international colour, come into the programme of the society. The fact that the Baroness von Suttner, the authoress of the Peace novel *Waffen Nieder*, is an active member, links its objects with those of the various Peace societies of Europe. The magazine is largely made up of translations from English and German modern writers, in whose work the note of "universality" is sounded. Walt Whitman, Mr. Swinburne, and Mr. Arthur Symons (by his 'Stella Maria' from the *Yellow Book*), represent the British contribution. The office of this new quarterly is 3, Place Wagram, Paris.

Messrs. Isbister have just issued the third thousand of 'The Invisible Playmate,' by William Canton. The section entitled "Rhymes about a Little Woman," charmingly set to music by Mrs. Raymond Maude, has been published in an unusually attractive form by Messrs. Boosey and Co.

The *Antiquary* has just made a new start on better paper with more illustrations, and reduced in price to sixpence per month. Its programme for the year is full of interest to antiquarians, including a series of papers on the Folk-lore

of the Isle of Man by Mr. A. W. Moore, Lincolnshire Folk-lore by Miss Mabel Peacock, and Wren's City Churches by the Rev.W. J. Loftie. Ecclesiastical Archæology, Old English Arts, Crafts, and Trades, and the Proceedings of Antiquarian Societies, are amongst the subjects that will receive special attention.

Sixty drawings of George Cruikshank, only one or two of which have hitherto been published, are being reproduced by special process, and will shortly be issued by Mr. W. T. Spencer, of New Oxford Street. They include one by Thackeray given to Cruikshank with a copy of 'Vanity Fair.' The issue is to be strictly limited to one hundred copies on India paper, and one hundred on plate paper, the price being three guineas and a guinea and a half respectively.

The next novel by the Hon. Emily Lawless will appear in the *Illustrated London News*.

We regret to announce the death of Mr. Joseph Vernon Whitaker, editor of our esteemed contemporary the *Bookseller*, which took place on January 15th. Mr. Whitaker was the son of Mr. Joseph Whitaker, F.S.A., founder of the firm of Joseph Whitaker and Sons, well known in connection with Whitaker's Almanac as well as the *Bookseller*. Mr. Vernon Whitaker was a man of strong character and soldierly appearance and bearing. He was for some time in the army, and when he left it he naturally found business somewhat irksome. He was connected with the publications of Mr. Childs in Philadelphia for some years, and then returned to business in London. Mr. Whitaker will now be assisted in the management of his publications by his remaining sons.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

DECEMBER 17, 1894, TO JANUARY 19, 1895.

The period above indicated commenced with what is known as the Christmas week, which proved to be a very busy one in spite of the variable weather. There was good business done in the leading publications, as well as in standard works. On all sides it was agreed that matters were satisfactory, but with more favourable skies they would have been, no doubt, even better. Business is now much quieter, but is improving with the arrival of the earlier school book orders. Foreign and colonial trade has been steady, with no distinguishing feature worth recording.

The leading book of the Christmas week proved to be neither of those specially mentioned in the previous report, but a close rival. 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush' was the favourite and sold in hundreds.

With the beginning of the year came the usual rush for Almanacks, Diaries, and Calendars. This was referred to last month, and the present season proved to be no exception. Although many publications of this class are given away as advertisements by companies and others, the practice has not affected the sale of established series, and the demand for Letts', Smith's, and Pettitt's diaries was, on the whole, equal to previous years.

The rapid growth in the number of Joint Stock Companies has increased the demand for, and importance of, such a work of reference as the 'Stock Exchange Year Book,' which has grown in a few years into a bulky octavo. Among works of reference Whitaker's Almanack and Hazell's Annual must not be omitted, as both are in great request. There is no appreciable break in the publishing season. It seems wonderful, indeed, that early in January at least a score of new books, and many of them important ones, should be published in one day.

With the New Year, new editions of Builders' Price Books form an important branch of the trade. They are eagerly inquired for as the time of publication draws near. Laxton's well-known compilation is the leading book in this class.

The lamented death of Robert Louis Stevenson has caused considerable inquiry for his writings, although they have always been warmly received. Among magazines two new comers, *The Minster* and the *Windsor Magazine*, each issued at sixpence, have attracted some attention. This is indeed an age of wonderful sixpenny periodicals. It is a marvel how, apart from an enormous circulation, they can be produced at the price.

From the list of leading books appended it will be gathered that novels are still in favour, although other branches of literature are by no means neglected. It is evident that the present is essentially an age of readers, if not of reading. Whichever is correct, it ought to be a good one for booksellers, but here the dreadful question of discount crops up, which is (fortunately for the writer) outside this article.

List of leading publications :—

Prisoner of Zenda (The). By A. Hope. 3s. 6d.
God in the Car (The). By A. Hope. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
My Lady Rotha. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Under the Red Robe. By S. J. Weyman. 6s.
Treasure Island (The). By R. L. Stevenson. 5s.
Manxman (The). By Hall Caine. 6s.
Jungle Book (The). By R. Kipling. 6s.
We Three and Troddles. By R. Andom. 3s. 6d.
Pride and Prejudice. Illustrated by H. Thomson. 6s.
Raiders (The). By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
English Novel (The). By W. Raleigh. 3s. 6d.
Tales of Mean Streets. By A. Morrison. 6s.
When Charles I. was King. By J. S. Fletcher. 3s. 6d.
Life of Laud. By W. H. Hutton. 3s. 6d.
Macgregor (J), Life of. By E. Hodder. 15s.
An Artist's Reminiscences. By R. Lehmann. 12s. 6d. net.
Life and Letters of Dean Church. By his Daughter. 12s. 6d. net.
Personality, Human and Divine. By J. R. Illingworth. 8s. 6d.
Studies in Theology. By J. Denney. 5s.
The London Building Act. By B. Fletcher. 3s. 6d.
Hazell's Annual for 1895. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.
Week ending

Dec. 22, 1894—On the whole a good Christmas, and would probably have been better with finer weather. Foreign and colonial trade steady.

" 29 " —With two, and, in some instances, three closed days, there was not much stirring during this week.

Jan. 5, 1895—A good week, certainly better than the previous year, but closing rather quiet. Colonial and foreign markets a little quieter.

Jan. 12, 1895—Opened well, and was maintained throughout with slight improvement in foreign and colonial departments.

„ 19 „ —Trade quieter, with slight increase towards the close, owing to commencement of the school season. No change in foreign and colonial branches.

POETRY.

IN ACCOUNT WITH TIME.

Time cannot grudge to me
The few glad hours I spend—
Glad hours of rare companionship—
In converse with my friend.

My friend thus counsels me:
"Be it with Time agreed
That thou wilt in my company
Seek rest when thou hast need."

Sweet words—if words could soften
The pain of parting—"May
I come indeed as often
As I have need?" I say.

"Time cannot grudge to me
The sure release from pain
I have in thy sweet ministry
Of solace to my brain."

ERNEST RADFORD.

SONG.

Alas! no more, no more!
The rose that bloom'd is dead;
The summer morn
Will not return,
Once and forever fled!

Alas! alas! no more!
We shall not meet again,
Tho' sea and shore
I wander o'er,
Tho' mountain, vale and plain!
The seas shall wash the mountain-tops,
Ere we two meet again!

GEORGE DOUGLAS.

THE READER.

ON SOME TALES OF MR. KIPLING'S.

IN a lonely Sussex house a number of men sat together. The cheerful dinner was done, the ingle flamed, and whenever one, rising, chanced to open the cottage door, the freshness of the still and breathing spring night stole in. There were among these men editors, critics, dons, and writers—modest men all, who yet had tried, each within his possible, to do something. There was talk and turmoil—the incidence of liking, the extreme dissidence of dissent. From argument they went to criticism, and in the forecasting of the future, reputations suffered. All the while the great editor sat above them (in a smoking-jacket), as the gods sit, dividing good and evil. Finally they fell upon a new play.

They resolved to write out, each for himself, a list of the best half-dozen of Mr. Kipling's short stories. The papers were folded. They were put into the hat, and the editor, well-accustomed, made out the final result. 'The Man who would be King' stood proudly at the head of every list, followed by 'At the End of the Passage,' 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' 'The Drums of the Fore-and-Aft,' and I forget what other.

It is a game that any one can try, and the results may be varied from theirs. But the fact stood clear that men of book and pen read Kipling for their own pleasure; and, what is more, remember him.

Afterward they fell a-talking of the author. They recalled how he flashed upon the world, various discoverers claiming him—like a new planet with an Adams and a Leverrier on the staff of every paper.

"In Vishnu-land what Avatar?" cried Browning long ago from among the tangled bowers of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' when Waring took his wayward forth-going out of the ken of men—to return, not Waring, but merely Alfred Domett, a forgotten New Zealand statesman with an unmanageable epic. For Kipling, and not Domett, was to be the Avatar of Vishnu-land.

To myself the Revealer of the East was made plain one day when a curious-looking book came to me from India, bearing a strange imprint, as though Charles Dickens had been inventing names for the publishers of the Orient.

On the sandhills of Colwyn the Elder I lay and read, while a wind from the sea whipped the leaves. I found a new language. I trod among unknown allusions. The East, the skirts of which I had trod, spoke to me for the first time with authentic voice.

For Fortune was good to me. She opened the book at a Jubilee Ode, which, had a careful eye noted the image and superscription thereof, would assuredly not have been read For who in the later eighties would read Jubilee Odes, compound of the patriotism and the champagne of the day before yesterday?

But this ran on in other fashion. And small wonder it was that staid Anglo-Indians marvelled what snake had crept within the robustly military columns of their favourite journal, and was now hissing at them with erected crest.

"By the well where the bullocks go,
Silent and blind and slow,
By the field where the young corn dies
In the face of the sultry skies,
They have heard as the dull earth hears,
The sound of the wind of an hour,
The sound of a great Queen's voice:
'My God hath granted me years,
Hath granted dominion and power,
And I bid you, O land, rejoice!'

* * * * *

But the ploughman settled the share
More deep in the grudging clod,
For he saith, 'The wheat is my care,
And the rest is the will of God!'"

* * * * *

Thus the words came grimly, solemnly, laden with sym-

pathy for India's inarticulate millions—hopeless, futureless, undesirous even of speech. It is possible that these words, and others in the same set of verses, are oftener remembered by one to whom they told of a new power beginning to be eloquent in the East, than even by the man who wrote them himself.

And there is something here which Mr. Kipling has never yet given rein to—perhaps the preaching strain in the background of his soul. He "believes in God and the angels," like Colonel John Hay's prairie pioneer, and still more perhaps in the Law Inexorable which strikes once and no more. And, in that case, the preaching is sure to come.

Then the grey paper books began to pour, and we laughed and fought with the much-enduring Mulvaney, trained "tarriers and poops" with Jock, longed for London "and the stinks of her" with the Cockney Ortheris.

And we that were of the heather and the salt water were just as mad as the others. The style? queried the critic, whose duty it was to keep his head among the smother of our admiration. Bah! We did not care for the style. It was great story telling—bold, free, effortless. And we found a sentence to fling at the critic too:

"And over the bastions of Fort Amara, broke the pitiless day."

"Better that!" we cried at him.

And then, as Mr. Kipling himself might say, "there was a great silence between the howling of the jackals."

As each succeeding book came to us, it grew clearer that the romance writer of the specialist had come to us. He grasped the mechanism of life—and that not only in the Orient. On the seas he "knew the ropes." Down in the engineer's grimy Inferno who but he had been keeping an eye upon the gauges. Doctors said, "None but a doctor could have known that!" Military men claimed him as a comrade. Mr. Thomas Atkins, private in the line, declared him (with the Adjective) to be a time-expired gentleman-ranker. Newspaper men knew him for one who understood how "to fake the paper" when moribund royalty will not die, the premier will not resign, or the wires are down in the North.

Clearer than the events of our last year's holiday lived the tale for us. We opened the pages at random, and so that Mr. Kipling told of India, in a trice we were transported. Wet, weariness, and day-worry were forgotten. In a moment there was blown across our nostrils the acrid whiff of wood smoke—the danker smell of rotting leaves, and of rushing hill torrents that flow from the caverns under—the true Himalaya smell—which, as Mr. Kipling says, when once a man smells, he will surely come back even from the ends of the earth to smell it again ere he die.

Or, as it may happen, we sweltered in the flaring day-long heats on some God-forsaken Indian embankment. We rode about the pinewoods of Simla and watched the star rise over the glacier.

The compact multifarious Indies pushed and shouldered through the tranced pages—Bengali, Sikh, Pathan, men meek of countenance, ghouls fiendish of eye, ill-favoured and treacherous men with long hair from the hills of the horse thieves on the North-Western frontier. We rode a foraying with the Zukka Kehl, and knew all the while that the alert police officer on the other side of the frontier was going to catch us every time. In which case we should as surely be hanged for the greater glory of Law and Order. And so it ought to be. For when will ever Mr. Kipling give a chance to the horse that never knew a bridle, and the gipsying blood that will call no man master while the world lasts?

But what a new world it was, and what service and thank we owed to the caravels of the Columbus of the East, who pursued Mr. Bret Harte across the prairies and through the gulches, and bore eastward from the Farthest West the secret of its barbaric saga. The pre-Kipling generation had only to glimpse the word "Indian" at the head of an article, or upon the title of a book, to retreat with a boredom that verged upon disgust. Just as the Indian Budget, or indeed Indian discussions generally, cleared the benches in the House of Commons, so the Indian tale, suggesting tiger-shooting and blue books with an occasional Mahatma, was left alone, untended, to die on the waste. It was once indeed permitted to Mr. Marion Crawford; but editors told him not to do it again, and he wisely obeyed them. Now Mr. Kipling changed all that, and the tribes of the East spoke to us authentic, every man in his own tongue. And more than all our hearts are stirred for Tommy Atkins, whether he might be hanged, like Danny Deever, high as Haman in the hollow square of the regiment, or whether he might finish his career in the worthiest way, as a commissaire outside the "Grand Metropole."

"Give him a letter,
Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant-Major, an'—runs with a letter!
Think what he's been,
Think what he's seen,
Think of his pension an'
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN."

And the faults? To another be the ungracious task, for the drums have begun to roll, and the fever's in the blood.

Mr. Kipling may sometimes be inclined, as Mr. Stevenson says, to the heresy of Cain, in that he would let his brother go to the devil his own way. But I think that oftener he will be ready to square him up, and help him as the friendly private helped Mulvaney, "to preserve his formation," till he lies down among the long grass for his longer rest. For we are inclined to think less of ourselves as it nears the sundown, and as our feet overpass more of "The Long Trail—the Trail that is always new."

If an apprentice at the writing trade may say the word, there are some verses of Mr. Kipling's which have often made him work the willinger and the worthier, so far as work he may.

"If there be good in that I wrought,
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought,
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied,
Stands all eternity's offence,
Of what I did with Thee to guide,
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Take not that vision from my ken,
O whatsoe'er may spoil or speed—
Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

S. R. CROCKETT.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

IT is now nearly ten years ago since I published a small volume of verse, which was strongly tinctured with my admiration for the work of the Rossettis, brother and sister. Dante Rossetti was three years dead, but I had only recently become acquainted with his poems and was full of fervour about him. Someone suggested I should send the little book to Mr. William Rossetti, which I did; and this led to Miss Rossetti seeing the book, which, by the way, I had accompanied by a letter full of young enthusiasm about the brother who was so dear to them. A second copy, sent direct to Miss Rossetti, was acknowledged by the gift of her 'Time Flies,' and a very gracious letter full of her characteristic humility. "Beyond all *gifts*" she wrote, "I account *graces*, and if you have honoured my form by thinking it worth imitating, much more may I your spirit." Some further letters passed between us, for with the egoism of youth I kept sending her my callow productions, and the following winter, when I was in London, I visited her several times. The first time I came, in the winter twi-

MISS CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

light, old Mrs. Rossetti, then well over eighty, was present, and was as interested as anybody in the fervent lover of their dear Gabriel. She sat by the fire in a big chair, her eyes quite bright and alert, and listened to my raptures, and if she failed to catch what I said, turned to Christina who repeated it for her. She had still the remains of the noble beauty which is in her son's portraits of her, and struck me as looking a really great old woman. I remember the gesture with which she turned to her daughter, laying a fine old hand on hers. "My affectionate Christina," she said. Miss Rossetti somewhat disappointed my sentimental ideas of her, because, at that time, she was so much more brisk and cheerful than I expected. I must have said something of the sort to her, for she said: "I was a very melancholy girl; but now I am a very cheerful old woman." I used to think that she laid this cheerfulness upon herself as a duty, thinking perhaps, like Dante, that sadness was one of the sins. Cheerfulness in that house seemed a little discordant. Entering it you felt the presence of very old age, a silence that draped and muffled the house. It was not like any other silence—the silence of a convent for instance, broken only by the tinkle of a bell and the rapid *swish* of a habit. It was heavy and seemed to darken, as well as to muffle sound. At that time Miss Rossetti was devoting herself to the care of her two aunts, the Misses Polidori, as well as her mother, and they were all three approaching their century. It must have been sad for her, however love sweetened her task.

After a little while Mrs. Rossetti grew tired, and her daughter assisted her to her bedroom, asking me to wait for her return. When she came back she lit the candles on the mantelshelf and showed me some relics of her brother. "You would have been charmed by our dear Gabriel," she said; "so many were charmed and so many remember him." His sketches, and photographs of his pictures, were all about the walls. I remember especially a pencil-drawing of his beautiful young wife. I think she was asleep in an arm-chair. "Poor little Lizzie," Miss Rossetti called her. She also told me that when she and Mrs. Morris appeared at an evening party, both being brides, no one could say which was the more beautiful, the fair or the dark beauty. "Lizzie was so graceful," she said.

She told me she had few visitors from the outside world, except now and again an American, Americans being great admirers of her poetry, and probably unaware of her cloistered habits. She spoke of Mrs. Piatt's poetry, which at that time I scarcely knew, and then or some other time she also spoke of Mrs. Meynell's poetry with admiration. She did not read many new books, unless they were sent to her by the writers. But the old books she loved. She was especially fond of 'Cranford,' and when she found I had not read it she pressed upon me her own copy, an old one bound in the original brown cloth, and with an inscription "from her affectionate uncle G. Polidori." I remember how she sat running over the chapters and laughing here and there at bits she well knew and loved. I carried off on that or some other evening not only this very precious 'Cranford,' but also Miss Rossetti's umbrella, for it came on to rain suddenly.

The following Spring old Mrs. Rossetti died, and I think her death snapped her daughter's strongest link with life. I still heard from her occasionally. In April 1888 she wrote "Advancing age and ailing health tell upon me. I am not strong, and I am more than content not to be strong." I saw her again the following year. It was a wet August evening, and London at its most melancholy. She talked then chiefly about my own concerns, but I noticed that the brisk cheerfulness which had disappointed me on my last visit had departed. She was allowing herself to grow old.

I only saw her once afterwards, in the autumn of 1893. I heard from her occasionally and, as she spoke of herself as an invalid, I did not like to intrude upon her. When I asked her if I might come that once she assented cordially. It was the only day I saw the house quite bright and sunny. Miss Rossetti was lying on a sofa, but stood up to receive me, welcoming me with great kindness. She only lay down again at my earnest request. I did not think she looked ill. She was always in my knowledge of her colourless, as a person who kept the house much and led a sedentary life. She kept the strong spiritual beauty of the face her brother painted as the young Mary, predestined to

superhuman sorrows. Her great heavy-lidded eyes always seemed to me of peculiar significance, perhaps because the only other woman I knew who had those great lids was also strangely heroic and strangely spiritual. I sat by her couch while she talked with her old kindly human interest in my affairs. I wanted to write something about her then. She would not forbid me, and was even ready to help me, but divining a reluctance in her I suddenly burst out in an assurance that I would write nothing. She was quite pleased and grateful. "I should not be myself," she said; "it is like sitting for a photograph, where one puts one's self in unnatural poses. I don't like the custom of interviewing, because it leads to self-consciousness, and the interviewed person is always turning out the best side for the public. *Now* we can talk easily and naturally." When I was leaving she said again: "Thank you for giving up the idea of writing about me. When I am gone will be time enough." That was my last speech with her.

Now that she is gone our thought of her is Cowley's thought of Crashaw in heaven:

> "Whilst angels sing to thee their airs divine,
> And joy in an applause so great as thine;
> Equal society with them to hold
> Thou need'st not make new songs but say the old."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

A NOTABLE CRITIC: THE REV. WILLIAM BARRY, D.D.

DR. BARRY is in the first rank of critical writers of the day, yet his name is not very familiar save in the inner circles of the literary world on the one hand, and among a particular school of religious thought on the other. Much of his best work has been anonymous; much of it has been contributed to sectarian periodicals. Then, too, he has considered himself a student rather than a writer. Literature has been to him an absorbing interest; he has never looked on it as a means of publicity. During the last twenty years his contributions to periodicals range over a wide field of subjects—scholastic metaphysics, modern philosophy, the relation of science to religion, history, political economy, socialism, democratic problems, literary criticism, folk-lore, and fiction. His most substantial work has appeared in the *Dublin Review*, where it has been signed, and in the *Quarterly*, where, of course, it has been anonymous; and he has been likewise a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review*, the *Contemporary*, the *Fortnightly*, the *Nineteenth Century*, the *Forum*, the *Speaker*, and the *Catholic World*. 'The New Antigone,' his anonymous romance, has gone through six editions since its first appearance in 1887; and four short stories dealing with the supernatural, 'The Place of Dreams,' were published by the Catholic Truth Society last year.

It is not only limits of space that would narrow the discussion of Dr. Barry's work in these pages. In choosing one section of it for examination, it should be clearly stated that much of his enthusiasm and his best thought have gone into subjects which it would be out of place to investigate in THE BOOKMAN. His sympathetic interest in social movements, his fair-minded endeavour to make Christians and non-Christians understand each other, his scholarly interest in science and philosophy, are testified to by such articles as 'The Church and the Social Revolution,' 'Labour and Capital Limited,' 'Ethics of the Day' in the *Dublin Review*, 'The Moloch of Monopoly,' 'The Ring in the Trust' in the *Forum*, 'Democratic Ideals' in the *Nineteenth Century*, and 'Professor Huxley's Creed' in the latest number of the *Quarterly*. Here I propose to consider him in a very limited way, as a critic of modern literature. He has rare qualifications for the profession of critic. He has been a life-long student of literature; he is an accomplished linguist, has been a professor of theology, has travelled much in Europe and America, has lived for years in Italy, seen the Vatican Council, and watched the social and literary movements at home and abroad with peculiar closeness. His horizon is a wide one, and the tests he applies to what is brought in judgment before him are broadly human.

Of the two schools of criticism to-day, one has but few adherents, the other few canons. If M. Brunetière, who thinks criticism can be reduced to scholastic rules, be the type of one—it is wiser to name leaders outside our own borders—M. Anatole France, who means by criticism the expression of personal enjoyment in books, and thinks it should be characterised by a tolerance only limited by the critic's interests, may stand as the type of the other. Dr. Barry is of the law-recognising order. His judgments are modern applications of the maxims of Aristotle. The maxims are applied by him more consciously than they are by most other critics of the day, but he does not rigidly take up the attitude of "Besides these there is no other mode." Personal tastes count for something in his judgments. He has a keen capacity for enjoyment and much curiosity. And though he frequently cites the classics as tests, he makes their judgments as a rule only confirmatory of the verdicts of another court. Yet though far from being a scorner of things new, he certainly applies laws under which many of the new writers become restive, and seeks for something in their work which few of them have to give. Perhaps there is not very much in modern literature which has his final approval. A very notable series of articles on some tendencies of French, German, and English writers during the last half century, contributed to the *Quarterly* from 1889 to 1894, in a revised form may be published separately ere long. I give here their subjects and dates:—Heinrich Heine, Oct., '89; The Modern French Novel, April, '90; Realism and Decadence in French Literature, July, '90; Neo-Paganism, April, '91; The French Decadence, April, '92; Pierre Loti, April, '93; Anarchist Literature, Jan., '94; The Strike of a Sex, Oct., '94. In their substance they are a condemnation and a warning. But they are no wailing Jeremiad. Perhaps he feels recuperative, revitalising forces in the air. Indeed, of the unfavourable critics of modern literary developments, he is the most consistent and the least petulant. An adherent of the newest school might be flattered by such honest attention to the new methods and their results, could not but respect such close watchfulness of the times, such ardent love of good literature, though he would certainly demur to he critic's conclusions, and might well fear one weapon

which he wields. The weakness of critics of the older school lies as a rule in their mental inflexibility or their want of candour, whereby they are unable or unwilling to recognise what is admirable in books they detest. Because a thing is bad, it is also stupid. Because it is morally ugly, it has no worth at all. This is the schoolmistress view of literature, and, indeed, it rarely succeeds out of the nursery. It offers no temptation to Dr. Barry, and his freedom from it gives him great purchase on the literature which he feels it his duty to condemn. His mental estimate of Wagner may seem an error of this kind, but the key to that is probably his foregone conclusion that music is the least intellectual of the arts—an unproven statement, and one difficult to prove, since we do not use the same symbols for the expression of metaphysical and of musical thought. But this is a rare offence, if it be one. His appreciativeness is a conspicuous quality. Gautier does not in the least realise his ideal of what a literary artist should be, but he feels "it would be possible to walk about in his pictures." Much of Maupassant's work is to him detestable, but to the humour, the sternly repressed tenderness, the pith and grit of the Norman story-teller, the most fervent admirer could not do more justice. He does not think it necessary to account for his distaste for the 'Fleurs du Mal' by calling Baudelaire an imbecile. When he has occasion to summarise a description of Loti, or a point of view of Goethe, or a tale of Maupassant, he takes a glowing delight in doing them full justice. Some of these summaries are the pleasantest reading. An easy thing, it may be said. Easy or not, it is not very common. And it is not done with the ungracious air of giving the devil his due, but with a hearty enjoyment of good work. Then after that, in the particular articles I have in view, comes the condemnation, sharp, severe, straightforward.

What then are the laws by which this critic tests literature? Dr. Barry represents the Catholic spirit at its broadest and humanest. Of his own Church he speaks with both pride and tenderness. It "seems to possess within itself some principle of everlasting endurance. It was, and is, and is to come." He finds in it "absolute truth made visible in the forms most sacred, congenial and intelligible to man." But in his final judgments of life and its expression in literature there is no dividing line between him and other broad-minded Christians. He has no narrow sectarianism. If a difference there be, one might say that his welcome to art has that graciousness which comes at least more easily to the religious Catholic than to the religious Protestant. He applies then to literature the fundamental ethical laws recognised in Christian communities. He will have no divorce of literature from life, and all corollaries of that demand he accepts. A sense of style cannot be denied to him, but he talks very plainly to those who take the externals of literature too seriously. "Language has so little influence—if we ought not rather to say, has none at all—apart from the moral associations which it conveys." The contrary view, as held by the aesthetic or decadent coteries, "only excites anti-human impulses, identifies culture with anarchy, sets the individual against the organisation of which he is a member, has no capacity for serious thought or fruitful action, is a school of cowardice, effeminacy, and spiritual debasement." Then, impulse and passion, he will have it, are not the creative powers in the work of the artist, but "imaginative reason." The whole literature where passion defeats the human will, he does not condemn, but regarded from its aesthetic side, this motive, he finds, is not an infallible success; it often results in chaos. While from the moral side, he makes a strong appeal to the artist regarding his choice of subjects, or rather—for he is not the gaoler of the imagination—regarding his "skilful and even humane handling" of them, "lest our self-reverence, and with it our self-control, should be irreparably injured. . . For we have this treasure of personality in earthen vessels. How tender should we not show ourselves, likewise, of the gift of reason, so hardly conquered from ages of bestial struggling, so beset in our own day with dangers on every hand." In his essays on "Neo-Paganism" and on "Anarchist Literature," what he attacks most strenuously is that record of mere sensations which fills so much of the novels and the verse of to-day. We need not look to France for this kind of thing. It is flooding England. The outcome of a mere morbid "sensitiveness of the skin," he calls it; and for its lower forms, at least, he is right. We demand from the poet, he says, "that he practise the law of perspective, choose the significant, and rise out of chaos with an ordered creation in his arms. The sensitive plate which records good and bad indifferently is no symbol of the artist, be his material words, or colours, marble, or the tones of music. He is a creator, and must choose; he cannot remain passive under impressions." The mistake so common to-day between art and the "preliminaries of art" no one has exposed with more clearness and conviction.

Like many other lovers of the real old Hellenism, he scoffs at the Neo-Pagans for their dilettantism, their artificiality. "We laugh at the swains and nymphs, the machinery of gods and goddesses that figure in the poems of the age of Pope. Just as artificial in fact, though not in the handling, is the revived classicism of Schiller and Goethe, the erotic Paganism of Heine and of certain well-known English poets and men of letters. In the strict sense of the term, it is a mere dilettante playing with life; it is Della Crusca and the Nine Muses at Twickenham or Bath over again." He does not stop here. Outwardly he looks on Neo-Paganism as a mere play. Inwardly, the "cultus of the mere 'aspects' of the beautiful turns to its opposite." He evidently holds himself in while discussing this more serious view of the case. The gratuitous descent into the regions of the hideous he cannot look on as a mere spirited adventure, the sign of a courageous curiosity, but as a symptom of disease, the forerunner of insanity.

There are many who may not be able to follow him in his persistent test of literature by the presence in it of "spiritual intuitions," in his sense of the words, who will nevertheless echo one of his indictments very gratefully. So clear an utterance of their judgments is not given to all. One of the reasons why books of the "advanced" school are so numerous, and each of them nearly as good as another, is that the models are fairly easy of imitation. Emotions are common; nervous sensations very common; in a rough and ready way it is not hard to record them.

Build a literature on these rather than on brains, disciplined artistic form, imagination, and experience of active life, and you open the door to the success of worse than mediocrity. The old test of common sense, of intellectual vigour, he continually applies, whether to mystic thought, to fiction, or to erotic verse. And you cannot dismiss the matter by ranking so subtle, so fastidious, so appreciative a critic among the Philistines. Backed by the laws of Christian ethics, broadly interpreted, he takes his stand, eager to welcome all art that recognises the enduring laws of the universe, and the uses of moral and artistic discipline. At the other extreme are the adherents of "Art for Art's sake"—in its day a useful war-cry, but degeneratin ginto cant—and those to whom the merely new, however hideous or silly, is always the best. There are middle paths walked in, to be sure, and perhaps the truth chooses them. But their beginnings, their endings, are not yet defined, and they are walked in uncertainly.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE.

It may be I have given an unfair, as it is certainly an incomplete, impression of Dr. Barry's work and point of view by citing him ever on the attacking side. He is not always there, as passages not merely from his highly eulogistic articles on Auerbach, Freiligrath, Friedrich von Weber, but from the more critical ones on Carlyle, Heine, English Realism and Romance (Meredith and Stevenson), and Loti (the best I know on the subject) would testify. Yet perhaps his most significant utterances have been of the warning kind I have sought to exemplify. The objections to certain modern tendencies which he believes offend against eternal laws, he states unweariedly and with much earnestness. He is the clear spokesman for many vague murmurings. And having formulated an artistic, intellectual, and moral test, he has applied it, not too rigidly, but with more consistency and coherency and seriousness than any other critic of the day.

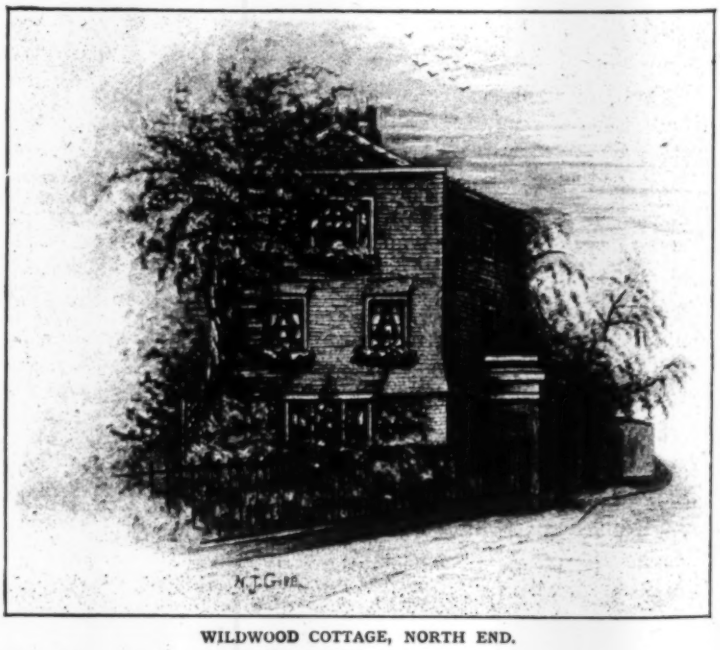
A. M.

THE LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF HAMPSTEAD.

V.—JACK STRAW'S CASTLE AND WILDWOOD COTTAGE.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, the Castle Hotel, was built about the beginning of last century for a private residence. Part of it was used at one time as an observatory. No satisfactory explanation of the name has been forthcoming. Nowadays a popular resort, it was in earlier days, when Hampstead was a more secluded spot, a favourite haunt of Dickens, Washington Irving, and other men of letters. Readers of Dickens's life and of Irving's correspondence will find frequent mention of it. The Young Man of Great Expectations in 'Tales of a Traveller,' after making his way through the crowd of West End fair, and crossing the fields behind Hampstead, reached Jack Straw's Castle, with the Columbine on his arm. Here his contemplation of the beautiful scene and his own difficult fortunes was stopped by the Bow Street officers, and he was torn from his Columbine, "who gazed piteously after me from the brink of Hempstead Hill; so forlorn, so fine, so ragged, so bedraggled, yet so beautiful."

Wildwood Cottage, North End, was from 1859 to 1863 the home of Miss Mulock, afterwards Mrs. Craik. Her best known novel, 'John Halifax, Gentleman,' had been published in 1856, before she came to Hampstead; but here were written 'A Life for a Life,' 'Mistress and Maid,' and various other stories. Miss Mulock was already well known, and the little wooden cottage was the resort of many literary visitors. At that time there was living in Hampstead an old lady who was an interesting link with the past, the elder sister of Joanna Baillie. Miss Mulock used to visit Miss Agnes Baillie, who died in 1861 at the age of a hundred.



WILDWOOD COTTAGE, NORTH END.

Miss Mulock's connection with Hampstead ended in 1863, when she went to Scotland.

W. ROBERTSON NICOLL.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED FRENCH ESSAY OF CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

WE are enabled to give the following extracts from an essay written by Charlotte Brontë, in French, on 'The Death of Moses.' The essay, an exercise given her by M. Héger during her stay in Brussels, has not hitherto been published. After telling how Moses at the end of his life received the command of God to climb Mount Nebo, and how he blessed one by one the twelve tribes, the narrative proceeds:—

"Et maintenant c'est le soir, le soleil s'approche de l'horizon, son disque en feu jette sur les plaines de Moab des reflets de rubis; sur ces plaines les tribus Hébreues se sont campées, mais à cette heure le camp est solitaire; quelques chameaux et quelques dromédaires seuls broutent l'herbe, chacun près de la tente de son maître. Le tabernacle même est abandonné; il s'élève majestueux et vaste au milieu des pavillons blancs, mais ni lévite ni prêtre n'y reste, le feu s'éteigne sur l'autel, et l'arche a pour tout gardien le cherubin sculpté qui la couvre de ses ailes. Un pauvre lépreux rôde autour du lieu consacré, n'osant pas y entrer, et prêt à s'enfuir au premier bruit qui annoncera le retour du peuple. Où est donc ce peuple? Traversons cette plaine déserte, d'où le son des trompettes et des cymbales hébreues a chassé la gazelle et le zèbre, approchons-nous de cette montagne, la plus saillante de toute la chaine dont les cimes bleues bornent l'horizon de l'orient. Quelle ombre noire enceint la base? Est-ce un bois d'oliviers ou de cèdres? Approchons-nous de plus près; c'est une vaste foule, toute une nation réunie, cinq cent milles hommes, sans compter les femmes et les enfants; c'est la congrégation des Israëlites, guerriers et prêtres et femmes. Quel évènement attend-t-on? Sur quel objet tous les regards sont-ils fixés? Les guerriers ont oté leurs casques, les prêtres leurs mitres, et les femmes leurs voiles, et tous lèvent la tête vers le sommet de Nébo. Sur ce sommet plane un nuage, le seul qui obscurcit ce ciel de saphir; un nuage rougeâtre, chargé d'éclairs; une colonne de vapeur qui semble prête à se transformer en une colonne de feu. C'est là une mystique qui voile Jehovah, le saint symbole qui a guidé Israël à travers le désert; ce soir il couronne Mont Nébo comme la flamme couronne l'autel; on disait que des rites solennels vont se célébrer, qu'un grand sacrifice se prépare; où donc est la victime? Un homme gravit la côte de la montagne, seul et enveloppé d'un manteau; c'est un vieillard, on voit reluire au soleil son front chauve et ses cheveux blancs: mais est-ce bien un rayon de soleil, cette gloire qui de loin brille comme une étoile sur ses tempes? Couvrez-vous les yeux, baissez la tête; cette gloire, c'est le reflet de la divinité; cet homme c'est Moïse!"

Then comes an excursion into Biblical criticism. Are we to interpret the narrative literally, and believe Moses to have been actually face to face with God, or as an allegory? Her answer is decisive:—

"Questions inutiles, doutes que la Raison propose parcequ'elle est incapable de comprendre les mystères de la Révélation; si l'homme n'avait qu'elle pour guide, il n'atteindrait jamais au ciel; l'orgueil embarrasse ses ailes, c'est un poids qui l'empêche de monter. Heureusement la Foi lui vient en aide, ange au regard humble, mais au vol élevé, séraphin, dont l'essor parvient au septième ciel et au trône de l'Eternel même. Vues des yeux de la Raison, les merveilles de l'ancien Testament présentent une mythologie sévère, obscure, incroyable, mais aussitôt que la Foi se penche sur la volume, aussitôt qu'elle lève sa lampe sur la page ténébreuse, tout devient clair. Qui croit en Dieu et dans sa fonction créatrice, croira facilement en la vérité litérale de l'histoire miraculeuse des Juifs; la violation des lois de la Nature n'offre pour lui aucune difficulté: il se dit: 'Celui qui créa la Nature, et qui en régla les lois, peut bien les modifier, les changer, les anéantir selon sa volonté.' Suivons donc Moïse lorsqu'il gravit Mont Nébo, et que ni doute ni scrupule n'arrête pas nos pas.

"Il a gagné le sommet, il a perdu de vue la multitude; une solitude entière, un silence absolu l'entoure. Les crêtes noires des cèdres s'inclinent à ses pieds, un ciel pur et bleu est au-dessus de sa tête; devant lui parait le nuage consacré, immobile et seul, laissant échapper de temps en temps des exhalaisons électriques qui disparaissent sans bruit. Le prophète attend, la Nature attend aussi."

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"C'est le moment où le soleil se couche; ses derniers rayons brillent d'un éclat à la fois doux et resplendissant, répandant partout des clairs roses et vermeils; ces clairs magiques teignent la vaste plaine qui se déroule aux pieds de Pisgah, plaine fertile, arrosée par les ondes d'un fleuve, ombrée de forêts touffues dont les longues allées s'avancent dans cette mer de verdure comme des promontoires dans l'océan. De grands troupeaux peuplent ces savanes; par çi, par là un taureau majestueux, un taureau de Bashan se repose sous un grand arbre isolé; de loin s'élèvent les murs fortifiés d'une ville; des domes, des tours, et les terrasses et les colonnes d'un immense palais, bâti en marbre blanc, se dessinent contre un ciel d'azur, le tout encadré en une guirlande de jardins et de palmiers. Plus près, on voit dans la plaine quelques tentes et une fontaine ombrée aussi de palmiers; des jeunes filles y puisent de l'eau; elle sont vêtues en costumes asiatiques, et des perles brillent sur leurs bras et sur leurs cous bruns, et dans leurs cheveux noirs.

"Scène tranquille, mais profanée de l'image hideuse d'une idole; la fontaine et le bocage de palmiers sont consacrés à Moloch; il y lève sa tête monstrueuse, et les jeunes filles, en quittant la source, flèchent le genou devant son autel.

"Moïse a tout vu, la campagne riche, la ville superbe, le culte idolatre; il a ressenti la joie de l'Hébreu qui voit l'héritage de son peuple, la triomphe du chef dont les efforts sont couronnés de succès, les regrets amèrs de l'homme condamné à mourir au moment où la vie lui offre le plus de charme. Un instant suffit pour la naissance et l'extinction de tous ces sentiments, car une nouvelle impression toute autrement puissante est venue s'emparer de son âme.

"Debout sur Pisgah son œil parcourt la plaine de Jericho et plonge dans la vallée de Zoar; cet œil s'allume, on voit à son étincelle subite qu'autre chose qu'un beau paysage s'est offert à ses regards. Là-bas, s'élevant dans le creux du vallon, s'étendant sur la surface de la plaine, les fantômes de l'Avenir se révèlent aux yeux du prophète; le Futur écarte les nuages dont il aime à entourer son empire de ténèbres et laisse pénétrer d'un rayon du Présent ses mystères obscurs. Les races, les siècles, les dynasties passent en revue à ses pieds."

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"Traçant de génération en génération la décadence de Zion, Moïse arrive enfin à sa ruine. Le sceptre de la suprématie a passé de l'Asie en Europe; le diadème de l'empire universel orne le front de l'Italie. Rome, devenue reine du monde, mais toujours aussi avare de conquête que lorsque, jeune Amazone, pleine de fougue et d'ambition, elle suivait Romulus dans ses guerres barbares et ne possédait d'autre bien que son arc et son carquois, d'autre territoire qu'un champ dont l'étendue était mesurée par un peau de taureau coupée en tranches, Rome se lève un instant de son trône, basé sur sept montagnes, et étendant le bras sur l'Adriatique et l'Ægéan, écrase le palmier de Judée, déjà affaissé par mille tempêtes. D'où vient l'extase qui, à cette crise terrible, éclate sur la figure de Moïse? Il joigne les mains, il lève les yeux, et un transport indicible rayonne sur son front. La révélation s'est changée; il a vu passer à travers le ciel et s'arrêter à un point fixe, une étoile mystérieuse; le ciel s'est entreouvert et une vision glorieuse s'est révélée: des formes blanches et ailées lui ont entouré; des voix celestes lui ont annoncée une grande joie pour toute la terre, et après que les anges se sont retirés d'avec lui dans les nues, il a vu, entre les astres et la terre, une forme de femme, tenant dans ses bras un Enfant. Son âme a reconnu le Messie, il murmure les paroles de Simeon, 'Seigneur, tu laisses maintenant aller ton serviteur en paix, car mes yeux ont vu ton salut que tu a préparé pour être présenté à tous les peuples, pour être la lumière qui doit éclairer toutes les nations, et la gloire de ton peuple d'Israel.'

"Dans cet élan l'âme s'est échappée du corps, Moïse a cessé de vivre."

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TRANSLATION OF EXTRACTS.

"And now it is evening; the sun is nearing the horizon; its fiery disc throws ruby lights on the plains of Moab; on these plains are the Hebrew tribes encamped, but now the camp is solitary; a few camels and dromedaries only are browsing on the grass, each near the tent of its master. Even the tabernacle is abandoned. Majestic and vast it rises in the midst of the white pavilions, but neither Levite nor priest is there; the fire has died out on the altar, and the only guardian of the Ark is the carven cherubin hiding it with its wings. A poor leper hovers round the holy place, not daring to enter, and ready to flee away at the first sound announcing the return of the people. Where, then, are the people? Let us cross that deserted plain, whence the sound of the Hebrew trumpets and cymbals has chased the gazelle and the zebra, and draw nigh unto that mountain, the most prominent of all the chain whose blue peaks bound the horizon on the East. What is that dark shadow encircling the base? Is it an olive or a cedar wood? Come nearer. It is a vast crowd, the whole nation gathered together, five hundred thousand men, without counting the women and the children; it is the congregation of the Israelites, warriors, priests, and women. What are they waiting for? What are they gazing at? The warriors have taken off their helmets, the priests their mitres, and the women their veils, and the head of every one is lifted to the summit of Nebo. Above the summit floats a cloud, the only one darkening the sapphire sky, a reddish cloud stored with lightnings, a pillar of cloud which seems ready to change into a pillar of fire. It is the mystic cloud that veils Jehovah, the holy sign that has guided Israel across the desert. To-night it crowns Mount Nebo as the flame crowns the altar. Everything looks as if solemn rites were to be celebrated, and a great sacrifice were preparing. Where then is the victim? A man ascends the mountain-side alone, and wrapt in a cloak. He is old; you can see his bald forehead shining in the sun, and his white hair. But is it in truth a ray of sun, that glory which from far flashes like a star on his temple? Hide your eyes, bend your head; that glory reflects divinity. The man is Moses."

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"Vain questions—doubts suggested by Reason because it is incapable of understanding the mysteries of revelation; if man had only it for guide he would never reach heaven; pride weights his wings with a load that hinders his ascent. Happily, faith comes to his aid, angel of the downcast eyes but upward aim, seraphim whose flight reaches unto the seventh heaven, and to the very throne of the eternal. Seen by the eyes of reason, the marvels of the Old Testament present a mythology severe, obscure, hard to believe. But as soon as Faith bends over the volume, and raises her lamp on the dark page, all becomes light. Whoever believes in God and in His creative function, will easily believe in the literal truth of the miraculous history of the Jews; the violation of the laws of nature presents no difficulty to him; he says to himself: 'He who created Nature, and who regulates its laws, can easily modify them, change them, annihilate them, according to His will.' Let us then follow Moses when he ascends Mount Nebo, and let neither doubt nor scruple arrest our steps.

"He has reached the summit, has lost sight of the multitude; a complete solitude, an absolute silence surround him. The dark tops of the cedars bow at his feet, a clear blue sky is above his head; before him appears the sacred cloud, motionless and lonely, from which escape from time to time electric exhalations that vanish in silence. The prophet waits; Nature also waits."

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"The sun is setting; its last rays shine with great brilliancy, at once soft and resplendent, shedding over all pink and vermilion lights; these magic lights dye the vast plain which rolls at the base of Pisgah, a fertile plain watered by the waves of a river, and shaded by thick forests, into which sea of verdure long avenues are thrown out like headlands into the ocean. These great savannahs are alive with herds; here and there a great bull, a bull of Bashan, rests by itself under a huge tree; far away rise the fortified walls of a town; domes, towers, terraces, the columns of an immense palace, built of white marble, are defined against the azure sky, the whole framed in a garland of gardens and palm-trees. Nearer you may see on the plain a few tents and a fountain shaded also by palms. Young maidens are drawing water; they are clad in Asiatic raiment, and beads shine on their brown arms and necks, and in their black hair.

"It is a peaceful scene, but it is profaned by the hideous image of an idol; the well and the palm grove are sacred to Moloch; there he raises his horrible head, and the maidens, when they leave the spring, bend the knee before his altar.

"Moses has seen all—the rich country, the superb city, the idolatrous worship; his has been the joy of the Hebrew who sees the heritage of his people, his the triumph of the chief whose efforts are crowned with success, his the bitter regrets of the man condemned to die just when life offers him most enjoyment. One moment is enough for the birth and the extinction of all these feelings, for a new impression far more powerful takes possession of him.

"Standing on Pisgah, his eye travels over the plain of Jericho and plunges into the valley of Zoar; it lights up, its sudden sparkle shows that something other than a fair landscape is absorbing him. Yonder, rising out of the hollow of the valley, extending over the face of the plain, the phantoms of the Future are visible to the prophet's eye; the Future scatters the clouds with which it loves to surround its empire of darkness, and lets a ray of the Present pierce its obscure mysteries. Races, ages, dynasties, pass in review at his feet."

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"Tracing from generation to generation the decay of Zion, Moses reaches at last its ruin. The sceptre of supremacy has passed from Asia to Europe; the diadem of universal empire adorns the brow of Italy. Rome is queen of the world, but is still as greedy of conquest as when, a young Amazon, full of fire and ambition, she followed Romulus in his barbaric wars and owned nothing but her bow and quiver, no territory but a field whose extent was measured by a bull's hide cut in strips. Rome rising an instant from her throne built on the seven hills, and stretching her arm over the Adriatic and the Aegean, crushes the palm of Judah, bruised already by a thousand storms. Whence comes the ecstacy which, at this terrible crisis, shines forth in the face of Moses? He clasps his hands, lifts his eyes, and an indescribable joy shines on his forehead. The revelation has changed; he has seen passing across the sky, and stopping at a fixed point, a mysterious star; the sky opens and a glorious vision is revealed; white-winged forms surround him; heavenly voices announce to him a great joy for the whole earth; and after the angels have withdrawn from him into the clouds, he sees between the stars and the earth, the form of a woman holding in her arms a child. His soul has recognised the Messiah; he murmurs Simeon's words, 'Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation which Thou hast prepared for all peoples, to be a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of Thy people Israel.'

"In this ecstacy the soul escapes from the body. Moses is no more."

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

X.—TO THE MURDER OF DARNLEY.

MARY'S alarming illness at Jedburgh has been ascribed to various causes—the long ride to and from the Hermitage,* the night air, anxiety for Bothwell, grief at the Papal Nuncio having to linger in France, aversion to Darnley, and poison. Perhaps all, save the last, had to do with it. Mr. Small cites "a distinguished physician" as of opinion, from the symptoms, that she suffered from an "effusion of blood into the stomach, subsequently discharged by vomiting; presenting also, possibly, hysterical complications, the whole induced by over-exertion and vexation." From Mary's declaration to Lethington, he understood that Darnley was the root of her trouble—"it is ane heart-break for her to think that he sould be hir husband, and how to be free of him scho sees na outgait." When Lethington thus wrote, he thought she had passed the crisis of her illness; but that very night she became much worse, and next morning (the 25th of October) seemed to be actually dead. Bothwell had been brought in a horse-litter to Jedburgh on the 21st; and in a few days Bishop Lesley reported that he "convalescis weill of his woundis." Darnley has been eloquently denounced for not appearing until the 28th; and Buchanan has been censured for saying that he hasted to her on hearing of her sickness, but on this point he is fully borne out by the 'Diurnal of Occurrents' and the 'Historie of James the Sext.'

In reference to the letters which Mary received at Kelso from Darnley, Froude quotes Calderwood as saying that she exclaimed, in the presence of Murray and Maitland, "that unless she was freed of him in some way she had no pleasure to live, and if she could find no other remedy she would *put hand to it herself*." But the threat, as given by Calderwood, was suicidal, not murderous—she would "putt hand *into* herself." Froude has doubtless been misled by

* On the authority of Sir Walter Elliot, Mr. Small gives the distance from Jedburgh to Hermitage, by the most likely route, as "more than thirty miles." As she returned to Jedburgh on the same day, this estimate makes the ride upwards of sixty miles. Lamartine, who—unlike Sir Walter Elliot—does not know the district, represents Mary as riding to the Hermitage, "without resting by the way," and returning "the same day to Holyrood!"

the idiom. Calderwood had the '*Detectio*' before him; and the expression there used—"*sese sibi manum illaturam*"—is rendered in the Scotch version, "scho wald slay hirself." Buchanan in turn was simply following the 'Book of Articles'—"to be the instrument of hir awin death."

It was on the 20th of November that Mary, still far from well, arrived at Craigmillar. Darnley came to see her and remained about a week. Before he left, Du Croc wrote confidentially to Archbishop Beaton, that he did not expect there would be any good understanding between them, "unless God effectually put to his hand." She continued, he says, to repeat the words, "I could wish to be dead!" According to the 'Book of Articles,' she here renewed the threat she had made at Kelso; and suggested to Murray, Huntly, Argyll, and Lethington, that she might be freed by a divorce, which could be obtained by destroying the Papal dispensation; but, when it was pointed out to her that there would thus be a risk of bastardising her son, "she utterlie left that consait and opinioun of divorce, and evir from that day furth imaginit and devisit how to cut him away by death." According to the so-called 'Protestation' of Huntly and Argyll, the divorce was first broached by Murray and Lethington to Argyll; then Huntly was brought in; Bothwell was next approached; and finally the five proceeded to the Queen, to whom Lethington opened the matter, promising that if she pardoned Morton and the other Rizzio offenders, means would be found to divorce Darnley. She would only consent if the divorce could be lawfully obtained, and no prejudice done to her son. When Lethington suggestively said that they would find means to rid her of him without disadvantage to her son, and that Murray would "looke throw his fingeris," she answered that she willed them to do nothing by which a spot might be laid on her honour or conscience, and prayed them rather to let the matter rest till God remedied it; to which Maitland replied, "Let us guyde the matter amongis us, and your Grace sall sie nathing bot gud, and approvit be Parliament." Although this 'Protestation' was prepared, fully two years afterwards, partly to inculpate Murray, chiefly to clear Mary, and was sent by her to Huntly for his signature and Argyll's, yet it does not venture to represent her as being shocked at Lethington's significant suggestion.

Murray emphatically denied that anything was said in his hearing "tending to ony unlawfull or dishonourable end." Keith and Goodall deem his denial of having signed any "band" at Craigmillar irrelevant; but, in the light of Ormiston's confession—that Huntly and Argyll had about that time signed a "band" for Darnley's destruction—it was a telling home-thrust. Hosack, inadvertently, no doubt, after quoting Murray's words, mis-interprets them on two important points, and then gratuitously charges him with alleging what is known to be untrue.

Before the little Solomon was three months old, there was some talk at Paris of his marriage to Philip's daughter. Before he was baptized, Elizabeth, ever jealous of her title, procured the imprisonment in France of a Scot named Patrick Adamson, who had printed a small book of Latin verse on the birth of the Prince of Scotland, England, and Ireland.*

James was almost six months old when he was baptised at Stirling on the 17th of December, 1566. Brienne, the representative of the most Christian King, reported, on his return to Paris, that all the rites of the Roman Church were observed to the great satisfaction of the Scots Catholics, who, for seven years, had not seen a bishop in pontifical habits. Long afterwards James insisted that the use of the spittle—"a filthy and an apish tricke"—was omitted at the request of his mother, who declared "that she would not have a pockie priest to spet in her child's mouth." Archbishop Hamilton—"the most abandoned of all Episcopal scoundrels," as Froude righteously calls him—officiated. The bishops of Dunkeld, Dunblane, and Ross, the Prior of Whithorn, and "the haill college of the chappell royall," were there in their robes. Huntly, Murray, Bothwell, and Bedford stood outside the chapel, "becaus it was done against the poyntis of thair religioun." Before her son was six weeks old, Mary had prepared a new chrismatory of gold. As god-mother Elizabeth sent, by the hands of Bedford, a massive "font of gold, curiously wrought and enamelled, weighing three hundred and thirty-three ounces," which reached its destination in safety, despite those who lay in wait near Doncaster to intercept it. Bedford was instructed what to "say pleasantly" as to its size, and its use on the next occasion; but within six months, on the eve of her ill-fated marriage with Bothwell, Mary sent it to the mint.

In his brief references to the baptism, Father Stevenson shows his bias too plainly. The choice of "the Puritanical Earl of Bedford" as ambassador, is characterised by him as the fruit of Elizabeth's ingenuity in discovering "a cheap and easy method of mortifying her rival through this very interchange of civilities;" whereas, in the previous August, Murray had informed Cecil that Mary hoped that Leicester, or *Bedford* and Throckmorton would come to the baptism; and Sir James Melville, who was sent to meet Bedford at Coldingham, and who again accompanied him to the borders, describes him as "ane of the surest and maist loving frendis" Mary then had in England. Father Stevenson adds, that "so little" did Elizabeth "care to make his visit acceptable, that he was instructed to press Mary for the ratification of the obnoxious Treaty of Leith;" but he refrains from mentioning the fact that Bedford's instructions bore that now the Treaty was to be purged of the obnoxious words to which Mary had objected. Even Hosack declares that "nothing could be more equitable than this proposal on the part of Elizabeth," being, "in fact, substantially the same as that which Mary herself had formerly made." Father Stevenson further says, that, "as her proxy in the baptismal office," Elizabeth "selected a lady whose opinions were so pronounced that when her services were required at the font she refused to assist at a Catholic function or even to enter a Catholic church!" The lady so selected was the Countess of Argyll, Mary's sister, her companion during the Rizzio tragedy, and who was now so far from refusing to assist at a Catholic function, that she was afterwards enjoined by the General Assembly "to make public repentance," for "giving her assistance and presence to the baptizeing of the King in a Papisticall maner;" and this repentance was to be made in that chapel which, Father Stevenson's words imply, she as a Protestant would not enter!

Darnley, though residing in Stirling at the time of the baptism and subsequent festivities, was present at none of these. To whom was his absence due? Relying on Camden's statement, that Elizabeth expressly forbade Bedford and his companions to give Darnley the title of king, several of Mary's apologists have thrown the blame on the Queen of England. Many will question the soundness of Hosack's opinion, that, "if the statement of Camden ... is true," Darnley's "absence from the baptism is sufficiently accounted for." Instead of pressing the counter-opinion that the excuse at the best is "frivolous and unsatisfactory," it may be affirmed that there are good reasons for doubting Camden on this point, although corroborated by Nau. Not only is there nothing in Elizabeth's instructions to Bedford forbidding him to honour Darnley, but the English Ambassador and his associates, in parting with their Scots convoy on the Borders, "lamented that they saw so little accompt maid of the King," and Bedford asked Melville to urge Mary to entertain him as at the first "for hir awen honnour, and advancement of hir affaires." When, on the day of the baptism, Du Croc flatly declined Darnley's thrice-repeated request for an interview, he did so, not because of Elizabeth's supposed scruples, but on the ground that as Darnley was "in no good correspondence" with Mary, his own King had charged him "to have no conference with him." Morette, who arrived too late for the baptism, was anxious to see Darnley, who also wished to see Morette; but Mary prevented them from meeting, by telling the Ambassador that she did not think Darnley would be pleased to see him, in consequence of the murder of Rizzio; and by telling Darnley that Morette declined to meet him because of that murder. Six days before the baptism, Forster wrote Cecil that Bothwell was appointed to receive

* Twenty years later the same Scot, as Tulchan Archbishop of St. Andrews, was sent by King James to desire the minister and reader of St. Andrews "to pray publiclie for his Hienes' mother, for hir conversioun and amendiment of lyfe, and, if it be Godis plesour to preserve hir from this present danger quhairin sche is now, that sche may heirefter be ane profitabill member in Christis kirk." In this case Adamson did not, as in the other, cut before the point, for Mary was led forth to execution six hours before he made the tardy request.

the Ambassadors, and that all things for the christening were at his appointment. And a month after the baptism, De Silva wrote Philip that he heard that Mary had tried to take away some of Darnley's servitors, and for some time had given him no money for his ordinary expenditure. Although these items of evidence do not fully bear out, they at least render more credible the allegations in the 'Book of Articles'—that Darnley was forbidden to appear before the Ambassadors, that they and the Scots nobles were desired to ignore him, that he was stinted in his necessary expenses, that his ordinary servants were taken from him, that his silver plate was exchanged for pewter, and that Mary was specially careful to have Bothwell richly apparelled for the occasion.

One of Mary's earliest and most ardent champions does not hesitate to say that, even up to this point and beyond it, her rigour to Darnley was only feigned, and "from her hearte shee perfectlie loved him." In the eyes of such a writer, it could not be more than a coincidence that, six days after the baptism, she suddenly restored Archbishop Hamilton to his consistorial jurisdiction—a step which, even in Hunter Blair's 'Bellesheim,' is admitted to have been "at once illegal and unwise;" and the motive of which is suggested by the only use which the Primate is known to have made of his recovered power, in carrying through, as Joseph Robertson says, "with scandalous haste, the scandalous divorce which removed the last obstacle to Mary's marriage with Bothwell."

It was on the 24th of December—exactly a week after the baptism—that Mary pardoned Morton and more than seventy others of the Rizzio fugitives. William Tytler points out that she did this "on Christmas eve, as a deed of charity and benevolence suitable to that solemn festival." Cecil's 'Diary' gives the same day as that on which Mary and Bothwell went to Lord Drummond's. On or about the same day, too, Darnley left Stirling for Glasgow. In the 'Book of Articles,' it is stated that he was "servit of his meit furth of the Quenis kitchene," while in Stirling; that ere "he had riddin half a myle" from that town he fell into a grievous and "uncouth seiknes;" that the nature of his illness showed that he had been poisoned, as James Abernethy the "chyrurgian" said when he saw him; and that Mary refused "to send hir medicinar or ypothicar to visite him." Alexander Hay, a "physitian who ministred unto him," is also said to have ascribed his illness to poison. On the other hand, Nau says he had the small-pox. Bedford, writing from Berwick, on the 9th of January, states that the agreement between Mary and her husband is "nothing amended," that he is at Glasgow "full of the small-pox," and that she has sent her physician to him.*

Mary did not hasten to visit him. She was, according to Chalmers, on the 30th of December at Stirling, on the 31st at Tullibardine, and on the 1st of January again at Stirling, which she left with the Prince on the 13th, for Edinburgh. To Archbishop Beaton, she wrote bitterly about Darnley on the 20th of January—the very day on which she departed from Edinburgh to see him, if Birrel's 'Diary' and the 'Diurnal' are correct; but Goodall and Chalmers hold that she did not set out before Friday the 24th. Despite the hints which Darnley is said to have received concerning the Craigmillar "band," they were reconciled. Despite his alleged misgivings, he agreed to go with her to Edinburgh. By the end of the month he was lodged at Kirk of Field, in what Lesley calls a "humble building," in what Buchanan describes as "ane hous, not commodious for ane seik man, nor cumly for a king, for it was baith revin and ruynous." Nor was it rendered more cheerful by the raven which accompanied them from Glasgow and croaked upon the roof.

So devoted had Mary now become to her wayward but repentant husband, that, not content with visiting him by day, she spent at least two nights in the lower room of the doomed house. She was to have slept there, too, on Sabbath night, the 9th of February, but returned to Holyrood by torch-light to grace the masque for Bastien's wedding. About two in the morning the honest burghers of Edinburgh were awakened by the explosion. The unhappy victim—of whom few modern writers save Maidment have said a kindly word—had only reached the age of twenty-one.

D. HAY FLEMING.

* The 'Diurnal' says he had "the polkis"—a name now given in Scotland to small-pox; but then, occasionally at least, to a disease much more loathsome. From the appearance of "the reputed skull of Darnley"—which, in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, at London, has found a "strange resting-place among the illustrative crania of barbarous tribes from every quarter of the globe"—Sir Daniel Wilson surmised that he had suffered from "virulent syphilitic disease."

NEW BOOKS.

NEW EDITIONS OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.*

Good things, like troubles, seldom come alone; and the nearly simultaneous appearance of two excellent editions of the 'Canterbury Tales' converts the situation of the ordinary Chaucer student at a stroke from penury to affluence. Perhaps, like other folks similarly enriched, he will be apt to wish that fortune had been a little less tardy even at the cost of being a little less kind, and had given us one thoroughly serviceable and scholarly edition of the masterpiece of Middle-English literature a dozen years ago, even if she withheld the other now. But the price would be heavy, whichever we lost. No doubt there were obvious reasons for hesitation. The 'Canterbury Tales' include two which, as regards subject, are among the uncleanest things in English speech; and neither their absolute fitness for their place, nor the brilliant art with which they are told, makes the editing of them a quite agreeable task. But we are gaining moral courage in these matters, and Prof. Skeat and Mr. Pollard deserve our thanks for presenting to us, without excision or disguise, these drastic and powerful pictures of the low life of fourteenth-century England.

The two books before us are perfectly independent pieces of work, and are intended, in part, for different classes of readers. Of Prof. Skeat's, which forms a part of his monumental edition of the whole of Chaucer, it is sufficient to say that the new volumes are worthy of their predecessors. The history of Mr. Pollard's is related with pleasant modesty in his preface. The edition was originally undertaken on a larger scale, in collaboration with Dr. Furnivall. "But the giant in the partnership had been used for a quarter of a century to doing, for nothing, all the hard work for other people, and could not spare from his pioneering the time necessary to enter into the fruit of his own Chaucer labours. Thus the partner who was not a giant was left to go on pretty much by himself." The news that Prof. Skeat was at work upon a library edition of Chaucer then led to the adoption of a different plan, adapted to "less stalwart readers." There is no attempt to provide a complete apparatus; the introduction is brief and the notes concise; information is not poured out in intractable floods, but is concentrated in wayside springs and runnels, at which the hasty wayfarer may conveniently drink as he goes by. Both editions arrange the Tales in the now generally accepted groups A to I. Mr. Pollard has also, to use his own expression, "meddled" with the text in so far as to mark in clear but unobtrusive fashion the syllabic *e*, and here and there, also, the stress, wherever an uninstructed ear would be apt to mistake it. This mode of editorial intervention ought to offend no one. Chaucer's scansion is, even now, so largely problematic that it must be held to be a part of his editor's business to indicate his own view of every doubtful line; and Mr. Pollard's dots and dashes effect this in the simplest possible way.

So far as Prof. Skeat's views can be judged from his text, which no doubt in most cases they can with sufficient certainty, the older scholar is the more revolutionary in his methods. Neither follows implicitly any one MS., as indeed no competent editor can possibly do; but Prof. Skeat, while professedly basing his text upon the Ellesmere MS., in reality makes considerable approaches to a normalised text, while Mr. Pollard, adopting rather more freely the readings of

* 'The Works of Chaucer.' The Canterbury Tales: Text. Edited by Rev. W. W. Skeat. Vols. IV. and V. (Clarendon Press.)

'Chaucer's Canterbury Tales.' Edited, with Notes and Introduction, by Alfred W. Pollard. (Macmillan)

other MSS., preserves with sedulous care the variations of spelling which, even in the best of the MSS., are the rule. He is less disturbed by irregularities than Prof. Skeat; or, to put the case more justly, he is less confident of the capacity of modern criticism to decide what Chaucer could not write. A certain conservatism is characteristic of him; but it is the conservatism of a quick imagination and a refined scholarship, not that of inertness or apathy. The Ellesmere MS. itself no doubt somewhat favours the view that Chaucer tolerated much that the modern ear resents. That he actually did so cannot be asserted, and Mr. Pollard himself only points to the absence of final criteria. A characteristic instance of his mode of treatment occurs in the Wife of Bath's Prologue, v. 324:

"The wyse astrologien Dan Ptholome,"

is Prof. Skeat's version of what is given in the best MSS.; and by Mr. Pollard as

"The wise astrologien, Daun Protholome,"

(riming with *be*). This is a very harsh line unless *Protholome* could suffer syncope, which is very rare except in the case of *e*. The other line where the name occurs (v. 182) gives little help. Mr. Pollard, again, allows Chaucer an imperfect rime, *geve—lyve* ("Wife of Bath," Prol. 401), after the Ellesmere MS. He may be right; we mention it only as a mark of his method. We have more doubt as to his right to adopt the guttural *g* in the former word for the ȝ or *y* regularly found in the best MSS. It is certain that *yive* (*yaf*, etc.) is the only form directly derived from Old English; our modern *give* must be due to Scandinavian influence, and comes through the northern dialect. The *y* forms are invariably given by Prof. Skeat. Here and there Mr. Pollard implies a rare, if not unique, accentuation; as at v. 142,

"I wyl nat *envye* no virginitee,"

and v. 319,

"Taak yourë *disport*, I wol leve no talys."

Yourë for *youre* being also rare, though not, as ten Brink says (*Chaucer's Sprache*, § 260) unknown. Prof. Skeat takes "wol *nat*" from two MSS. of secondary rank. Occasional slips occur of a somewhat disturbing kind. At v. 743 a new paragraph is made in the middle of a sentence. At v. 280, *owene* should be *owenè*. On the whole, Mr. Pollard has not been quite so well served by his printers as Prof. Skeat, but, to say this, is only to attest once more the extraordinary excellence of the Clarendon Press. The principles by which the latter text has been determined are set forth with characteristic clearness and candour in the preface. An attempt is made to normalise, in certain points, as already stated. Thus Prof. Skeat writes *whan* or *whanne*, according to the scansion required, while Mr. Pollard prints either without regard to that distinction. "Where equivalent spellings occur, I select the simpler," a principle not without peril. One little singularity calls for notice. The word "*eye* (*ye*) in Chaucer always rimes with words in-ye (*dye*, *crye*, etc). Since rimes in *eye* were abundant enough, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that Chaucer always used the form *ye*. Accordingly, says Prof. Skeat, "the word *eye* has to be altered to *ye* at the end of a line, to preserve the rimes. The scribes usually write *eye* in the middle of a line, but when they come to it at the end of one they are fairly puzzled," writing *Iye*, *yhe*, as well as *ye* and *eye*. We cannot think this judicious, for the reader can hardly help inferring that Chaucer had one sound for the word within the line, another at the end. If it is too bold to write everywhere *ye*, we prefer to be bold in Mr. Pollard's way, and to write *eye* in the rime.

It has been inevitable in this notice to offer our readers what many of them may consider the chopped straw of textual criticism; for Prof. Skeat's present volume contains only text, the valuable "Introductions" having gone before, and the probably even more valuable notes being still to come. And the text is after all the most important gift in the case of a book which has hitherto busied the literary historian far more than the editor. But we must not pass over the brief but admirable introduction of Mr. Pollard, which in a characteristically unpretentious way puts at the reader's disposal, not exactly a mine of knowledge, but an excellent survey of the richest lodes, and admirable tools for working them. The comparison of the "Knight's Tale" with the "Teseide" is pointed and vigorous, though perhaps for readers not one-hundredth of whom will ever look at the latter, he might have dwelt more upon the graces, somewhat tame and languid as they are, of Boccaccio's work. The "Teseide" is certainly a less powerful poem than the "Knight's Tale"; but the difference in effect is partly due to difference of aims. Boccaccio is a child of the early Renascence, and his work is touched, if not permeated, by that feeling for humanity and urbanity which the Renascence diffused. His Theseus is a kindly monarch, who after the battle cares for the wounded and the dead, does not resent the haughty address of Palemon and Arcite when brought captive before him (II. 83-9), and though he keeps them under restraint "to await his triumph," assigns them agreeable quarters in the palace. A Theseus of this type is evidently the man to consent readily to the release of Arcite when urged by his friend, and to feel no mortal resentment at the escape of Palemon. Chaucer's Theseus, on the other hand, is a great English captain of the French wars, chivalrous when he chooses, but merciless as a rule. The captive princes find no indulgence from him, but are peremptorily sent

"to dwellen in prisoun
Perpetuelly, . . in angwissh and in wo."

Mr. Pollard has well pointed out the effectiveness which the sequel of the tale derives from this more terrible Theseus, who, on the chance discovery of Palemon and Arcite in the wood, shows the implacable temper of Edward III. before Calais, and is hardly won to grace, like Edward, by the tears of kneeling women. This conception of Theseus made it more difficult, however, to account for his having released Arcite at all. And it is interesting to note that Chaucer evidently felt this, and has accordingly made far more of the attachment between Theseus and Perithous, at whose suit Arcite's release takes place. Boccaccio merely says that he was his "caro amico;' Chaucer tells us that

"in this world he lovèd no man so,
And he loved him as tendrely agayn,
So wel they lovede, as oldè bookès sayn,
That whan that oon was deed, soothly to telle,
His felawe wente and soughte hym down in helle."

Our two editors handle this suggestive topic with characteristic difference of method. While Mr. Pollard gives us the results of his comparison with a small selection of the materials, Prof. Skeat puts the materials exhaustively before us, but leaves us to make the comparison for ourselves. It should be added, however, that Mr. Pollard has indicated in his text, in a very useful way, all the lines in any degree borrowed from Boccaccio, after the collation made for the Chaucer Society by Mr. W. Ward. Each method has its value; and these two editions, which supplement each other, are both indispensable to the Chaucer student, while Mr. Pollard's is also admirably fitted for the cultivated general reader. We have often been reminded, in studying the two books, of a famous Fullerian comparison between the Spanish galleon, massive, triple-decked, and weighty with huge artillery, and the English bark, lightlier timbered and less powerfully armed, but redressing the balance by its more adroit handling and more varied resources. A simile begotten of the immortal wit-combats of Shakspere and Ben Jonson may, we hope, be touched to modern issues without offence.

A brief reference only can here be made to the notes upon the 'Canterbury Tales,' which form the fifth volume of Prof. Skeat's great work. A large part of them are necessarily repeated from the valuable selections previously edited by him for the Clarendon Press. To the reader of those volumes, it is needless to point out either the little defects or the eminent merits of Prof. Skeat's annotations. He will take as a matter of course the almost entire absence of literary comment; the good-natured anxiety to convince the student that two and two are not five, whatever some misguided persons may represent; and the kindly excess of helpfulness which, for example, goes out of its way, in the the present volume, to indicate the best station for visiting a place which it is the object of the note to demonstrate that Chaucer did *not* mean. Not less a matter of course, however, is the immense wealth of parallel and illustration poured out upon matters both of mediæval usage and litera-

ture, and of Middle English etymology, to a less extent also of Middle English syntax. Within these two first-mentioned provinces, the edition may fairly be regarded as final. The notes to the Reves Tale contain some valuable notes on the Northern forms there.

C. H. HERFORD.

THE LIFE OF JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.*

Not one of Symonds' books published in his lifetime is so valuable an addition to human knowledge as the autobiography which fills the larger part of these two volumes. Keenly intent there on the interpretation of his own personality, he has unconsciously annotated the religious and the intellectual history of his own time. Perhaps the picture of himself is left incomplete. Mr. Brown may be ungraciously found fault with by interested readers for doing so little to supply what is wanting. Symonds, in spite of his long exile, was not so much a man apart but that he might have been given a setting in the literary life of the day. Yet beyond the very little he tells in his autobiography, and what is contained in the few letters on general topics, there is nothing of the kind. I am inclined to think Mr. Brown has acted with fine judgment. He has made a remarkable self-revelation stand out the more clearly. The most candid autobiography must always be incomplete, the best are curiously so on the surface, the writers seeming like painters who should paint their own expression faultlessly and go astray over the colour or the dressing of their hair. And doubtless Symonds' essential qualities and native instincts and aspirations are given by himself with less than due appreciation of those important alleviations of life—its accidents. One would fain hope so, for, truly, it is a painful memoir to read. To his personal friends the matter of it may not be new; to some it has been certainly revealed in letters. But mere outside readers of his books will have to reconstruct their ideas of his personality.

The recurrent and dominant note throughout this account of himself is one of intense agony. For his physical sufferings, which he bore with great heroism, he seeks no eloquent expression. And this is the more remarkable, because by his own narrative he proves himself to have been by nature and constitution particularly unsuited for the rough contact of the world. His description of how distasteful were his mere material surroundings at Harrow—and these were not the barbaric days of English public schools—is curious. It was not a common kind of suffering for an imaginative boy. But for all his fastidiousness, which must have made his long sufferings well nigh intolerable, these are only mentioned as unhappy hindrances to work. The cry of agony is from the soul—religious and spiritual conflicts had him on the rack all his life. It is the cry of his generation, but uttered with a sincerity which is as rare as it is painful. The panaceas of his day you see him testing one after the other, and finding none of them avail. And, so far as we are permitted to see, it was weariness rather than conviction that tossed him to the breast of whatsoever belief sustained him at the end. The history of his soul, as he has written it, is not very comprehensible at first sight. One is tempted to wonder, not very patiently, at the length of his struggle. Thinking men of his time were wont to get it over ere they were well out of their teens, and begin life again on a new footing. It might recur, but never with the first violence. (To-day young men accept and reject creeds more easily; they have other problems.) But for Symonds the struggle never passed. Mr. Brown more than once says this was owing to the fascination which the Absolute exercised over him. I think that is to obscure the case by a fine word. We all desire to accept only what is true for us, but that is not the Absolute. The very name whistles cold in our ears, and most of us would fain make truth a dweller in creeds warmed in other human breasts, and even juggle a little with what we know of the Absolute. None so more than Symonds, save for the juggling. Or so I read his revelations. Instinctively devout, religious by youthful habit and teaching, he yet came to find his creed an intellectual misfit. He would fain have stopped where his friend Jowett stopped. He did tarry wistfully, and if he had any abiding place it was there, but only for short lulls. Negation had no attraction for him. He found no comfort in science. Patient waiting before the unknown was impossible. Positivism, materialism, agnosticism, were impossible. In the whole struggle I read more of strong affection than passion for philosophic truth. He longed for his old creed; it was nearly his, save for some obstinate doubts that never would let it win. A less honest man had known how to cling there, and regain what clearly was his soul's desire. Both by mental and physical temperament he was unfitted for the contest. In a passage of great interest he tells how it was by the eye things entered his mind most easily, most profitably—that his brain was "always impenetrable to abstractions." This, if an exaggeration, stills points to the truth. It is cruel for such a mind to have to grapple with a creed. Of course, it is also very rare. The imaginative interests stronger than the philosophical capacities, are already engaged by the affections, and imagination and affections pull hard, yet never hard enough, against an uneasy conscience wakened by and yoked with intellectual doubts. His physical suffering, which the struggle intensified, did its part, too, in prolonging and intensifying the struggle.

The other side of himself, which Symonds shows us intimately, is the one where resided his literary ambitions. Here, too, his restless, troubled, conscientious temperament made itself felt. But he gained peace here earlier, perhaps chiefly by an under-estimate of his own powers. His preparation for literature was deliberate and arduous; his industry under painful conditions marvellous; his ambitions very high; he was intensely interested in his own progress up to a certain point; longed to have outside judgments on his work; longed for sympathy and appreciation—had, in short, his full share of literary egotism. Yet not a critic has stated his merits so coldly, or pointed so frankly to his defects, as himself. He aspired to be a poet. He knew he was one by vision and temperament. As surely he recognised that formative power of any high order was not his. For anything else in literature perhaps he did not very greatly care. And in various words, and constantly, he lets us see how literature to him was less than life. Indeed, there are not many men who can speak of the labour of a lifetime in so detached and impartial a manner. However good it may be for the literary aspirant to cherish a whole-hearted enthusiasm for the art of his choice, it should be good, too, for him to read these sane and sober judgments on the limited value of literature by one who loved all the arts, who spent himself in learning one, and who was never satisfied with his skill.

I have said it is only to outside readers that the autobiography has matter for surprise. Stevenson knew the temper of the man excellently. Symonds, who began life with exceptional social and intellectual advantages, was right on to the end of his life educating himself out of intellectual and human narrowness. You trace it in this story of himself, and remember Opalstein's "complete, although unready sympathies." Then, again, the statement in "Talk and Talkers," "He is not truly reconciled either with life or with himself," has these two volumes for commentary. How our interest ghoulishly feeds on past pain!

To the historian of the Renaissance in Italy the educated world owes a great debt. But it may be he will be longest remembered for this personal chapter in the spiritual chronicle of our troubled, fevered century.

A. M.

* 'John Addington Symonds.' A biography compiled from his papers and correspondence. By Horatio F. Brown. With portraits and other illustrations. 2 vols. (Nimmo.)

DEAN CHURCH.*

This is an admirable and most interesting biography. Dean Church, although he had strong views, and never shrank from expressing them, had no enemies, and one might almost say no critics. The notes of moral beauty in his character were so unmistakable that he conciliated men of all opinions. Besides, his sympathies and his culture were unusually wide. Perhaps he was the only great Tractarian who was a student of science. He never professed to be an expert, but he watched with keen and critical

* 'The Life and Letters of Dean Church.' By Mary C. Church. (Macmillan.)

interest the developments of knowledge. Dr. Church's long intimacy and correspondence with Dr. Asa Grey were equally honourable to both, and we have heard that at one time he took a course of Anatomy at Oxford under Sir Henry Acland. When 'The Origin of Species' appeared, Church at once recognised its great significance. When one remembers how Samuel Wilberforce criticised the book in the *Quarterly Review*, it becomes easier to give Church the credit he deserves. It was, however, as a humanist that Church was best known to the general public. No more ardent and accomplished student of literature has adorned the English Church. His essay on Dante, written so long ago, is not yet by any means superseded, and his studies of Spenser and Bacon are distinguished in quality, although neither is implicitly to be relied upon. But the greatest and the best part of Dean Church's writing is buried in the files of the *Guardian* and the *Saturday Review*. It is the one defect of Miss Church's beautiful biography that she gives too little prominence to the literary side of her father's work. He was *par excellence* a journalist, and his style is seen at its best in the thoughtful and polished essays which he contributed so often to certain weekly papers. Perhaps he touched his highest point when he was dealing with subjects midway between literature and theology, but even as a theologian he was by no means to be despised. While never professing to be an expert, he only discussed such subjects as he understood, and he knew where to look for facts. There is no evidence that the great critical movement ever really touched him. Of German he seems to have read little, but with characteristic sagacity he perceived that the modern reconstruction of the Old Testament was neither to be pooh-poohed nor denounced. And while eminent clergymen who were his close friends were repeating the blunder of Bishop Wilberforce, Church ranged himself unhesitatingly with those who pleaded for faith and patience.

While Dean Church was one of the greatest leaders and ornaments of the High Church party, their most characteristic teachings hardly appeared in his writings at all. His sermons might be preached by religious men of every school. It would not be correct to say that he was a Broad Churchman. The great dogmas of supernaturalism were passionately believed and preached by him, but most men who hold certain central dogmas firmly hold along with these many subsidiary dogmas. If they lose faith in the latter, they commonly find the main part of their faith greatly weakened. It was not so with Church; he was one of the men, very few in any age, who with unerring precision selected certain articles of faith by which he was content to live and die, leaving the debatable to be debated. His master through life was Newman, but there is much in his writings that Newman did not teach him.

NEW TESTAMENT THEOLOGY.*

Prof. Beyschlag, of Halle, has been for the last thirty years one of the recognised forces of the theological world. An independent thinker, attaching himself to no school, not ashamed on further inquiry to renounce opinions he once maintained, building up stone by stone a substantial edifice not lacking grace and attractiveness of form, he has come to occupy a place second to none among living theological writers. He has not dissipated his energies by attempting to master the whole field of philosophical, historical, and theological studies, but has concentrated himself upon the New Testament. And in the present work, which in its original form bears the date 1891-2, we have the fruit of a life-long investigation of the facts and problems which chiefly demand consideration in our own time. There need be no hesitation in saying that in these two volumes we have the most readable, the most stimulating, and the most suggestive New Testament Theology which exists.

Warned by the heaviness of Weiss' comprehensive and useful work, Prof. Beyschlag has given attention to the form, and presents us not with a mass of material, but with an artistically finished historical account of the teaching of Jesus and the Apostles. He has conceived with great distinctness the task of Biblical Theology as a historical science, and justly claims for it the function of presenting a true picture of the past, even although, in order to achieve this, it must fill out what the sources merely sketch, exhibit the presuppositions of the teaching, and follow up the merest hints, and above all translate into modern modes of thought and expression what the sources necessarily deliver in antiquated forms. There is no doubt great need of sobriety and caution in the critic who ventures upon so risky an undertaking, but as Prof. Beyschlag himself reminds us, "abusus non tollit usum." In his own treatment of the teaching of the New Testament it is very doubtful whether his translation of the pre-existence of Christ as held by Paul, and his adaptation of it to the modern mind, can be accepted as legitimate. The Christology of the New Testament is a subject which Beyschlag has made peculiarly his own, but it is somewhat difficult to recognise in his translated form the Christology of John and of Paul. His account of the process by which Paul apparently ascribed divinity to our Lord is subtle and impressive, but not satisfactory: "He who, on the one hand, was familiar with the idea of a hypostatic self-revelation of God, and on the other was certain that the self-revelation of God had appeared in Jesus, could not but recognise in Jesus that pre-existent principle of revelation, the Word made flesh, . . . and thus he would exalt the person of Jesus into eternity, and make Him the Meditator of the creation of the world."

Prof. Beyschlag's attitude towards Scripture is free. In his critical views he stands by himself, accepting the Johannine origin of the fourth gospel as positively as he rejects the Pauline authorship of the Pastoral Epistles. He accepts both *Colossians* and *Ephesians*, and uses them as sources in his exposition of the theology of St. Paul. These primary documents of Christianity he accepts, not as binding in every particular, but as standing in such a relation to the revelation of God in Christ that this revelation may be learned from them pure and undefiled. It is needless to say that his treatment of the New Testament literature is everywhere serious, sober, and reverent. Even when under strong temptation and encouraged by influential example, he declines to tamper with the text (ii. 77).

Messrs. Clark have conferred a great benefit on the English reading public by issuing in a handsome form a well-executed translation of this comprehensive and thoroughgoing work. It will speedily run to a second edition, and the opportunity should be taken of correcting some slips and misprints. For although Mr. Buchanan has given us a very readable and accurate translation, he is no more immaculate than any other translator. It is in human nature to nod, and we can almost hear snoring at vol. i. 16, 390; vol. ii. 5, 7; and the misprints are numerous, awkward, and misleading. But these are mere casualties, and do not alter the character of the translation, which is beyond reproach, good English and accurate.

MARCUS DODS.

* 'New Testament Theology, or Historical Account of the Teaching of Jesus and of Primitive Christianity according to the New Testament Sources.' By Dr. Willibald Beyschlag. Translated by Rev. Neil Buchanan. 2 vols. (T. and T. Clark.)

PROFESSOR MINTO.*

To many the more interesting part of this volume will be the biography. Professor Knight has no doubt conscientiously carried out his conception of what a brief memoir should be. He has procured recollections of Minto from various friends, and has issued them together with some appreciative comments. What he says is in the main intelligent, and although the contributions naturally overlap, it may be possible to collect from them some living image of Minto. There are in all fifty pages, of which Dr. Knight has written about fourteen. It is impossible to think that this is satisfactory. Minto's life should have been written by someone who knew him long, and its development should have been traced. We cannot but regret that no use whatever has been made of his numerous and most admirable letters. By nature eminently genial and communicative, he delighted in correspondence. Often at the close of a hard day's work in London he would turn to writing down the gossip of the town for the benefit of old acquaintances in remote parts of the North. It is probably

* 'The Literature of the Georgian Era.' By the late William Minto, LL.D. Edited, with Biographical Introduction, by William Knight, LL.D. (Blackwood and Sons.)

useless to say anything now, and we are grateful to Dr. Knight for what he has given us, but it is impossible not to think of what might have been. In another edition some obvious slips and misspellings in the memoir ought to be corrected, and it would be well to leave out one of the pages.

We turn with relief to the main contents of the book. They must be taken for what they are. They were not left for publication, and they are not lectures to University students. They were delivered to a special audience, brought together in the Music Hall of Aberdeen under the auspices of the Local Examination Committee of the Senatus Academicus. There are in addition two essays on Pope and a lecture on Burns. These were ready for press before Professor Minto's death, and are in all respects admirable. We doubt very much whether Minto would have approved of the publication of the rest of the volume, although it makes delightful reading, and is frequently instructive. Professor Minto was a most thorough and conscientious worker, never allowing anything to pass from his hands until he had given it the last polish, and there is necessarily much in the lectures which is elementary. Yet those who have gone over the ground will find that even when Minto is dealing with familiar facts he throws new light upon them. For example, although what he says of Scott is not remarkable, he rightly signalises the great importance for Scott students of the Recollections by Gillies. Still, there is a great deal in these lectures that is open to criticism, and although they have been carefully edited, they are not free from misprints and mistakes. Some of them are curious. For example, there is a glaring error in the first page of the first chapter, the famous Dr. Adam is spoken of as Adams, and there are other slips. But the real power, learning, acuteness, and mastery of Professor Minto are seen in the work he himself approved of—the essays on Pope and Burns. The keynote of all Minto's critical work is expressed in this sentence: "I do not myself believe in the possibility of revolutionary changes in literature. The history of literature is the history of a gradual development, advancing often no doubt by leaps and bounds, but always by rational transition from one stage to another." We hope this book will be followed by a collection of Professor Minto's contributions to the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' the ripest and most masterly essays he ever wrote.

NAPOLEON AND WOMEN.*

To understand—not merely to know—the actions of such a maker of history as Napoleon, it is essential to form a right conception of his character, and this may be partially accomplished by observing him in his relations with the other sex. M. Masson is, therefore, entirely justified in endeavouring to show us the figure of Napoleon in all its nakedness.

But it is obvious that the difficulties of obtaining verifiable information on the subject are enormous. The only adequate witnesses would be the other parties to his amorous transactions, and it were hardly to be expected that they would consent to give their true opinions. As for the statements of casual, or even intimate acquaintances, they are utterly unreliable, since in the market of love stories, truth is notoriously at a discount. Unless then, M. Masson can show us what Josephine, Marie Louise, Madame Walewski, and the rest of the ladies whose fortunes he recounts thought and said of Napoleon, he has failed in his task—a great number of names will have been blackened, and the panel will return a verdict of non-proven.

The supposition that the case will reach the panel is, however, premature. It must needs be quashed at the outset. To the readers of M. Masson's book, which is anonymously translated into clear and idiomatic English, a very striking picture of the Emperor and his surroundings (M. Masson can tell you the contents of Josephine's wardrobe on the morning of her first meeting with General Bonaparte) will indeed be presented, and we are convinced in perfect good faith. But they will see, if they take the trouble to look at the foot of the canvas, a notice, 'Neither in this volume nor in those that follow it shall I reveal the sources of my information'. . . . 'I am,' it is true that he continues, 'convinced of the authenticity of the documents I have used, as I am ready to prove by offering my portfolios for inspection'—an offer akin to that of the young barrister who insisted that a certain event must have happened, because he could show the judge an affidavit in its support by a man who was dead.

The work is besides mainly deduction from documents and stories which are hinted at, not set forth. For instance, it is calmly assumed that Josephine had not a scrap of affection for Napoleon, who, himself as keen and cynical an observer of human nature as ever breathed, and the person with the best means of judging, said at St. Helena that she was 'the most amiable and the best of women.' In a word, the value of M. Masson's studies, as exhibited here, seems to be negative.

What he does not do is, however, of considerable interest. He has not found traces of more than three children whose paternity can be attributed to Napoleon. One—the unfortunate Duc de Reichstadt—died childless in 1832; the second—Alexandre Walewski, an incorrupt statesman of the second Empire—left a family on his death in 1868; and the last—Léon—expired in 1831, with or without issue, M. Masson omits to mention. It was the birth of Léon in 1806, succeeded by the death in 1807 of Louis Bonaparte's son, whom he had intended to adopt, and by the birth of Walewski in 1810, that in all probability determined Napoleon to divorce Josephine on the ground of her sterility, and so cease to lend a deaf ear to what he called (De Ségur is the authority) the Nemesis of history—La Politique.

That he did not always worship this Nemesis is one of M. Masson's theses, which he supports by a few instances of dubious origin and application. Thus, according to him, the advancement of Bernadotte to the throne of Sweden was due to Napoleon having formerly courted his wife; unlikely enough, since the Emperor, with the utmost reluctance, consented to Bernadotte's acceptance of the Crown, though, of course, the circumstance may have turned the balance. The general tenor of the book, and of Napoleonic literature generally, is wholly against this and some other examples of the same kind, and the average attitude of Napoleon towards women, who desired to influence his politics, was certainly that exhibited in the following story. When Mademoiselle Georges, wishing to become his recognised mistress, asked him for his portrait, he took out a double Napoleon and handed it to her with the words 'Here it is. I am told it is a good likeness.'

Mademoiselle Georges, M. Masson informs us, not only forgave Napoleon the rebuff, but in after life (she lived to a ripe old age) regarded him as a nymph might a god, who had honoured her by his attentions. This is almost the only occasion that we learn from the author what women thought of Napoleon—from our point of view the most important question to be answered, that is if there is truth in an adage, '*In venere veritas.*' Instead, he wearies us with mention of the sums lavished on his wives or mistresses, facts which have little, if any, significance. For you might as well produce the Duke of Westminster's cheque for the expenses incurred by him at Kingsclere to prove that the ex-owner of Ormonde is a lover of horses!

J. B. R.

* 'Napoleon and the Fair Sex.' Translated from the French of Frédéric Masson. With Portraits. (William Heinemann,) 1894.

LOVE AND QUIET LIFE.*

Mr. Raymond's new book belongs, as its sub-title—at once indicative and misleading, since he gives us not separate sketches but one loosely-strung tale—would lead us to suppose, to the favourite class of "special district" stories. The rise in popularity of the "special district" story is one of the best marked features of recent years, and it might be a nice point of enquiry whether the taste proceeds from renewed interest in humanity at large or from increasing weariness of the humanity best known.

The country folk of 'Love and Quiet Life' dwell so close to the demesne of Mr. Hardy, and speak a dialect so near

* 'Love and Quiet Life.' Somerset Idylls. By Walter Raymond, author of 'Gentleman Upcott's Daughter,' 'Young Sam and Sabina,' etc. 1 vol. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

akin to that which he has taught us, that it would be beyond the nature of man to refrain from comparisons. Mr. Hardy is a great novelist, with extraordinary lapses into worse than mediocrity; Mr. Raymond is a pleasant story-teller, who seldom or never drops below his usual level, and who gives us a continual impression of drawing straight from the life. Mr. Hardy's Arcadia is undeniably the more amusing, but it is impossible not to believe that Mr. Raymond's is far nearer to reality. We are convinced, as we read, that the village of Sutton, sixty years ago, did contain just those persons, dwellings, customs, and opinions here presented to us; and we feel regretfully that to be transported for a month to that slow-moving little world of the past would be the most repeseful of holidays. The fields, the farms, the farmers, the village matrons by whose eyes and tongues every outgoing and incoming was sifted, the clerk and the choir and the much-mistrusted "new pa'son," "tranter" Coombes, and the Sandboy family, half-squatter, half-vagrant, of whom it was considered that "they ben't wo'th their salt, the whole kit o' 'em"—all of these grow familiar to us as if we had lived among them. But the least familiar are the father and daughter, who hold the central place. Their situation has a delicate pathos, and in the drawing of Marion's character there are exquisite touches; but on the whole the rougher, robuster vitality of their village neighbours casts them into shadow. The beauties of the book would have shown even more distinctly than they do, if it had indeed been made of "Somerset idylls"—if we had had, in at least three separate divisions, the story of the new parson, the story of the Sandboys, and the story of Marion Burt. Each story would have brought out the others, and in the seeming separation we should have had a truer unity of presentation. When a writer has the eye for a picture and the ear for a sentence which Mr. Raymond possesses, it is worth urging him to acquire also the balance and proportion in construction, whose absence not one reader in a hundred perceives, yet without which hardly any work permanently survives.

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

BATTLES LONG AGO.*

Every one of the great European legend cycles has inspired the poets and musicians of our time, except, curiously enough, the one which is probably the most copious and ancient. The German and Scandinavian lives again in Wagner and Morris, the Welsh delights thousands in 'The Idylls of the King,' and in Mr. Swinburne's 'Tristram and Iseult'; but the Irish was until yesterday the exclusive possession of Professor Dryasdust and his pupils. That it is becoming again an imaginative existence is due almost wholly to Mr. Standish O'Grady, whose 'History of Ireland, Heroic Period,' published in 1878, was the starting point of what may yet prove a new influence in the literature of the world. A couple of years ago, after a long devotion to mediæval Ireland, he returned to his old studies, and wrote his delightful 'Finn and his Companions,' and now he has just issued 'The Coming of Cuchullin,' the memorable first part of a kind of prose epic. It is probable that no Englishman can love these books as they are loved by the many Irishmen who date their first interest in Irish legends and literature from the 'History.' There is perhaps, too, something in their tumultuous vehemence, in their delight in sheer immensity, in their commingling of the spirit of man with the spirit of the elements, which belongs to the wild Celtic idealism rather than to the careful, practical ways of the Saxon. The heroes of 'The Idylls of the King' are always merely brave and excellent men, calculable and measurable in every way; but the powers of Cuchullin are as incalculable and immeasurable as the powers of nature. When he leaps, for instance, into his chariot, after his knighting, the spirits of the glens and the demons of the air roar about him; the gods shout within the armoury, and clash the swords and shields together; the god "Lu, the Long-handed," "the maker and decorator of the firmament," whose hound was the sun, thunders; the god of the sea, Mananan Mac Lir, passes "through the assembly with a roar of innumerable waters"; and the goddess of Battle, "the Mor Rega," stands with a foot on each side of the plain, and shouts with "the voice of a host."

Mr. O'Grady does not attempt to give the old stories in the form they have come down to us, but passes them through his own imagination. Yet so familiar is he with the old legends, so profound a sympathy has he with their spirit, that he has made the ancient gods and heroes live over again their simple and passionate lives. The Red Branch feasting with Cullan the smith, Cuchullin taming the weird horses, Cuchullin hunting down in his chariot the herd of enchanted deer, whose horns and hoofs are of iron, belong in nothing to our labouring noontide, but wholly to the shadowy morning twilight of time. W. B. YEATS.

* 'The Coming of Cuchullin.' By Standish O'Grady. (Methuen and Co.)

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE.*

The translator, who has done her work excellently, reminds us in her preface that we have two books on Shakespeare's women—and of course both Mrs. Jameson and Lady Martin are delightful writers—but points out with much reason that there is ample room for Dr. Lewes' work. One is instantly prepossessed by the author's two principles, which are first of all to take Shakespeare's women in the chronological order from Venus of 'Venus and Adonis' to Queen Catherine, and next to allow each character to grow out of her play. The details of the play are only used to develop and interpret the subjects of study, and the reader's mind therefore is not distracted, but is always kept in focus. This plan Dr. Lewes works out after the most laborious and conscientious fashion, omitting no one and doing injustice to none. No words can exaggerate the thoroughness or sanity of the book, which satisfies you on every page that the author has done his work, and there are occasional passages of genuine feeling, as in the tribute to Desdemona's saintliness. One naturally tests such studies at critical points, and it is saying much for Dr. Lewes that his Portia is all that her admirers could desire, for surely she is the queen of Shakespeare's women, and his Lady Macbeth is a powerful and convincing reading that shows both insight and charity. Among many instances of minute and sensible criticism is the remark that Juliet, and some of the other maidens, knew more than was good for them, and that in consequence some of the noblest passages in her speech are stained. It is not possible in this brief review to enter into intricate critical questions, but the Shakespeare student will notice that while Dr. Lewes adopts the three periods of division, he does not apportion the plays as has been most commonly done, but throws 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and 'Love's Labour Lost' into the second period. This book supplies a distinct want, and is a valuable addition to Shakespearian literature.

IAN MACLAREN.

* 'The Women of Shakespeare.' By Louis Lewes, Ph.D. Translated from the German by Helen Zimmern. (Hodder Brothers.)

THREE SENSITIVIST NOVELS.†

It must be frankly admitted that to class these three books together for the purposes of review is to treat them unfairly. In their purposes they differ a good deal; in their ability they differ greatly; their several special talents and opinions might be strangers each to the other. Justice demands that their separate aims, successes, and failures should at least be referred to before dealing with their one common feature.

'Discords' is a collection of stories with a purpose, namely, to probe the surface of modern life and describe how its conditions affect women. Of the present evil "George Egerton" has a powerful and, I think, morbid impression in her mind. Her doorway to redemption is mistily seen, but to halting vision, in such complexities, no reproach can reasonably attach. The school of art by which her form and some of her spirit have plainly been modelled, has taught her plain speaking. But it should be remembered by those who reproduce, say, French, or, as

† 'Discords.' By George Egerton. (John Lane.)
'A Child of the Age.' By Francis Adams. (John Lane.)
'Name this Child.' By E. Chesson. 2 vols. (Unwin.)

here, Scandinavian models in English, that the mere dictionary equivalents do not give the quantitative or qualitative result correctly. We may easily produce a cruel, brutal, and false effect when intent on a merely truthful one. And literal translation of inspiration, doctrine, or sentiment can end in a far worse travesty than literal translation of words. 'Discords' is distinctly inferior to the author's 'Keynotes,' but of her ability, the force of conviction that underlies her work, there should be no hesitating recognition. The book stands head and shoulders above its class, a class, by the bye, to which the others here grouped with it do not belong. "George Egerton" can write with vigour, can describe with vividness. Not one story in the book has carried intellectual conviction to this reader's mind: not a sentence has suggested a doubt of the writer's sincerity. So strong a faith in her talent is perhaps the reason why critics may be uneasily eager not to leave her alone, but rather to reason with her on several points—notably on one. Whatever respect one may feel for her hot convictions on the wrongs of her sex is in danger of being undermined on every other page by an altogether unworthy habit of sentimentalising over her fellow-women. Let her burn, fight, plead for them, but leave the sentimentalising to men. When one woman talks to another in her stories, we feel nausea or amusement. Let the conversation between the girl who had dared, without any justification of strong passion, so far as can be seen, to be particularly selfish, and who took great credit to herself therefore, and her old schoolfellow, who had been driven to an unhappy marriage, serve as example. When the social outcast clasps the martyr to false respectability to her heart, and calls her "poor big woman," sympathy is dissolved in sniggering. One more thing; but very likely it is vain to remonstrate. 'Keynotes' was a better book mainly because it contained fewer sermons. Preaching is the stumbling-block of women's career in art. That the Church is not manned by women is one of the many mistakes of the tyrant sex. George Sand preached, and so did George Eliot. By so much are their worth and glory less. So now "George Egerton," for pages and pages. The Brontës did not. Jane Austen did not. By so much are their worth and glory more.

'A Child of the Age' is a chapter from a modern young man's life, a vivid chapter, written with passion, and containing a fresh and attractive, if very unconventional, love-story. It is formless and boyish and precocious. Concerned, too, with social problems, nevertheless it embodies no particular belief, or code, or form of restraint, save honesty of feeling. To read it is to quicken one's regret for the author's early death. It leaves us in doubt about his artistic future, but conveys certainty as to the vivid impressions life had flashed on him.

If 'A Child of the Age' be boyish, 'Name this Child' is very young. Its immaturity is not even precocious. Its outward form is derived, as far as possible, from Mr. Meredith, and inwardly it need hardly be dealt with by itself. It has no story that can be summarised, and, indeed, far less than the two others does it claim examination for its separate individuality. It is an extreme type of the method and temper common to the three.

You may call the three authors sensitivists, a name more attractive to the mind than to the ear. "Egotists" is nearer the truth, attaching no moral reproach to the word, be it understood. Their sensations they treasure, and reproduce lovingly, discriminating very slightly between their values. Nothing in the world is so interesting to them as a feeling, be it of touch, or taste, or scent, or vision, caught, so to speak, on the wing, unapplied, unutilised. "George Egerton," it is true, sometimes puts this delight to a moral tune, or gives the feelings a significance. "She [one of her heroines] has often conceived a repugnance to the very houses in an unknown street, to the faces of the women peering out from the windows; a loathing dread of the men who leered at her as they met her; and if she asked, 'What is such a street?' the answer would explain her feeling. Beds in hotels and places have sometimes disturbed her in the same way, so much so that she has started up and rolled herself in her rug and slept in an arm-chair, because the sense of evil thoughts that never came to her otherwise seem to impregnate her as if the very bed held them; and she, highly sensitive as she is to the psychometrical influence of things, cannot but feel it." The others make little effort to attach significance to their sensations. It is pride enough to feel them, joy enough to register them. Leicester has a morbid memory for all his gests and feelings. He catalogues even the very motions of his joints. And 'Name this Child' is nothing else but a register of uncomfortable sensations on the part of Narcissus, who never does anything with them at all. This quickness of perception, this sleepless activity of the senses, they share, of course, with poets, savages, and naturalists, interesting and honourable kinsmen. But the difference between, say, Keats and a writer of the fiction in our mind is not represented merely by the difference in the degree of their genius. Tolstoy, notably in his Cossack tales, is as much concerned with physical sensations as any of them. So is Maeterlinck in his 'Serres Chaudes.' Yet Tolstoy we class with the poets; Maeterlinck, for that adventure at least, we do not; he is merely registering symptoms. And many of the recorded sensations in the books before us, and in many others of our day, are merely symptoms, and symptoms have a scientific but no artistic value. More than that, they are not necessarily the result of any intellectual or moral refinement or superiority at all. Very often they are the evidence of nerves solely. And nerves by themselves, unutilised by the great moral and mental faculties, are not only uncomfortable; they are about the most uninteresting things in the world. In poets and artists they are the immediate stimulus of their immortal visions. But if there be no visions, their nerves are merely distressing and dangerous machinery, and we thank Heaven that clodhoppers outnumber the neurotists. Of the three writers whose novels I have been referring to, one may wait for judgment till he has found out more clearly what he means to do in literature. The second, with far more imagination than the others, and to whom the reproach clings least, is dead. The third is a woman of ability, with a passionate desire to make the lives of other women fuller, and saner, and happier by her pictures of life. Is it impertinence to suggest that she is on the wrong road, and that a sedative would be the best preparation for her next adventure? The exhibition of unstrung nerves will not do her work. In fiction, at least, her work will only be done surely, done without danger of hideous reaction, by those faculties unchanging in their potency through all the ages, imagination and humour. In the greater fiction of the day, to think merely of our own country, it is not only from the school of which Stevenson has, by the rough and ready popular judgment, been looked on as the head, that these nerve novels stand apart. All the other fiction that has dealt more directly with the complexities of modern life, with the war of passionate human nature, has touched our hearts and brought conviction to our souls not merely because its writers were impressionable. Their senses were merely the match that lit their humanity and their imagination into flame. So Mr. Hardy. So Mr. Meredith. And if there be some new things to be expressed and new methods to be developed, the exponents of the new things, before they reach us and sway us, must still rule by the old powers, beauty of design, intellectual force, and, above all, imagination.

A. MACDONELL.

STUDIES IN MODERN MUSIC.*

As a preliminary to some fault-finding we should freely own the interest of Mr. Hadow's 'Studies.' He has an excellent idea in his mind, and he seems to have many of the qualifications for carrying it out. The book is not addressed first to musicians, else this would not be the place for discussing it. A small amount of technical knowledge will enable a reader to follow the technical portions. Here comes in the first drawback. The present volume, dealing with Chopin, Dvorâk, and Brahms, is more concerned with design and structure than the former one, which dealt with the Romantics, Schumann, Berlioz, and Wagner. While reading it we are often tempted to think Mr. Hadow should have either pushed us outsiders away, and written with more science and more detail for musicians, or, since that would have defeated his main purpose, he should have been at the

* 'Studies in Modern Music.' By W. H. Hadow. Second Series. (Seeley.)

pains to give a good deal more elementary information than is contained in the introductory chapter on "Outlines of Musical Form." He might then have carried us with him, even had he dealt a little more seriously and scientifically in the succeeding chapters on his three representative musicians.

Then, the strong appeal it makes to readers who are not musical students is a danger. Mr. Hadow is interested in all the arts, and is a very cultivated man. Analogies from painting and literature appear on nearly every page, giving the reader a pleasant idea that he understands the case thoroughly, because one of the things compared or contrasted is familiar to him. But there is something terribly misleading in these analogies between the arts. One has heard—not from Mr. Hadow, be it said—Wagner's name coupled with Browning's. Could anything be more preposterous than a comparison between a man who was essentially a dramatic artist, who drew harmonies from all the elemental sounds in the world, and the man who, for all his magnificent sense of the drama of life, and his other great gifts, was a failure as a dramatist, and of whose poetry not ten lines echoed a tone from the world of nature? So, though Mr. Hadow may be nearer right in calling Goldmark the "Meredith of music," he is on a perilous track. Sometimes he goes decisively wrong in the differentiation of the arts. At least, there is one very important over-statement on this subject in the third Brahms section.

Now for the book's merits. It is an attempt at fulfilling a laudable and neglected purpose. Nine-tenths of the persons who sit willingly listening to music, do so because their nerves are agreeably stimulated, and because the sounds seem to befit their own vaguely felt emotions. If they were to read an epic or a lyric, their artistic and intellectual interests would be to some degree roused; the form of the poem would have to them some sense and some value. Perhaps, though less generally, they might even be able to appreciate the composition of a well-designed picture. But why a sonata is a sonata, or a symphony a symphony, and what the musician is really talking about, so far as he is talking about anything that can be translated into mental image, they have no idea. In an art where form and design are of first-rate importance, form and design are unrecognisable by, it is safe to say, nine-tenths of those who "like music." Regarded merely as the language of the fine sentiments, it is ludicrously misunderstood. In his recently published autobiography the late John Addington Symonds, who was a passionate lover of the art, says that "music cannot express ugliness." Yes it can, if it wants to—and by no bastard imitation of the other arts—and yet be great music. So far, then, as Mr. Hadow has attempted to make the conditions and forms of musical art familiar, and intellectually as well as emotionally interesting, to others than musical students, we owe him much gratitude. We wish he had been less diffuse, and many a statement in his pages raises in us a spirit of contradiction, but he is on the track of a new system of artistic education for the general.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE RALSTONS. By F. Marion Crawford. 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

That some of his critics quarrelled with Mr. Crawford over the minuteness with which they were forced to study two New York families in 'Katherine Lauderdale,' is no reason for prolonging the quarrel into that book's sequel, 'The Ralstons.' By writing a sequel, by treating the same families to the same kind of minute observation, by proceeding at the same deliberate pace, Mr. Crawford proves that he has made up his mind that the Lauderdales and the Ralstons can only be treated in the way he has chosen to treat them, and that he doesn't mean to hurry, or to scamp, or to jump over months and years, to please any idle reader. So we give in. And once having given in, let us confess 'The Ralstons' seemed much easier reading than 'Katherine Lauderdale'; such is the virtue of resignation. The action does not proceed very far—Mr. Crawford has no space in two volumes to allow of that—but far enough for Alexander Junior to be much perturbed, quite unnecessarily, about Uncle Robert's will, and far enough, too, to allow of the discovery of John Ralston's and Katherine's secret marriage without a breach of the family peace. There is not much else save the highly disagreeable incident of the death of Walter Crowdie, a kind of incident which Mr. Crawford rarely attempts, and wisely, we think, for he only fills us with horror, does not impress us with sadness, in spite of the half-revelation it makes of the mysterious connection between Paul Griggs and Crowdie. If we are inclined to write at the end of the book, "Much ado about nothing," let us own that the observation, the analysis, the workmanship, are excellent. Externally the persons could hardly be presented with more faithfulness. So far as Mr. Crawford reads character he reads it with subtlety. But he trusts rather to enormous conscientiousness than to quick instincts. His is a slow method in these novels of modern life; but if the introductions by which he presents us to the Lauderdales, the Ralstons, and the Brights, are long-winded, he convinces us these are real persons and worth knowing and watching along with him.

EPISODES. By G. S. Street. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Those who have read Mr. Wedmore's short stories and liked them will like Mr. Street's. There is a trifle less of expressed sentiment in the latter, and there are other differences also, but the work of the two men is more easily classified together than are the 'Episodes' with 'The Autobiography of a Boy.' Mr. Street has no such type as Tubby to vent his irony on. Tubbys are not invented every day. He sets up a number of worldly people, and stupid and selfish people, and has languid shots at them; and proves himself, too, the protector of some varieties of martyred innocence. He speaks with an air of knowing most things in very modern life; but he is not very cynical, and if his chosen method of art would let him, he would probably be a sentimental moralist. Never speaking above his breath, never flashing out sparkle or heat, he wearies us sometimes with his restraint. But his coldness is in accord with the manner he has chosen; and he has done what he purposed to do very well. Only it is a thin-blooded kind of writing at the best. It wants wit to make it entertain for more than two consecutive stories, and Mr. Street has restrained wit too. That he has it, Tubby is the proof. But in fact it is the excellence of 'The Autobiography of a Boy,' that is the chief reason of our slight discontent with this volume of clever, keen-sighted, and various studies of modern life.

THE CHARLATAN. By Robert Buchanan and Henry Murray. 2 vols. (Chatto.)

'The Charlatan' is calculated to please both students of the occult and sceptics, too. The central figure deserves the ugly title given to him, for he has pretended to powers he does not possess, and has conceived a wicked plot. But—the story is an original one—just when his wicked plot is triumphing, and the fair Isabel is in his power, success terrifies him into goodness, and he goes to the utmost length of self-sacrifice and heroism. The other Theosophist, a Polish lady, has a very different career, discreditable probably to the end. But genuine hypnotic influences are at least allowed, and so even when the humbugs are unveiled, the story has an odour of the mysterious which will recommend it to many readers. The weak-minded earl who receives Theosophists very hospitably in order to be convinced by them of personal immortality, his downright, prosaic, honest daughter, and the advanced young fool Mervyn, studying "how to evolve—how to *be*," are all good-natured and likeable persons; but the authors, in making their heroine, Isabel, an over-impressionable, hysterical creature—in making her, in fact, a fit subject for hypnotic experiments, have taken away from her all human interest.

HELEN. By Oswald Valentine. Pseudonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

We have a quarrel with the *genre* to which this book belongs. It is only fair, therefore, to acknowledge first that it is a clever specimen of its class. It is too long, but otherwise—always keeping its purpose in view—it perhaps could not have been bettered. It expresses a kind of talent which needs patience and direct observation for its development. It is an honest bit of work, and at many points it

has roused our admiration. But it has to be classified twice, and against each class which it enters some of us have a grievance. First of all it is an "art" story. The hero is a novelist. He began by having literary tastes; then held aloof from artistic circles because he scented insincerity in them; sought salvation in public work of a socialistic character; drifted from that into observation of life, public and otherwise, for purposes of art; became a daring and unpopular novelist; then conquered his public; developed by unsatisfactory paths, domestically considered, into a successful writer, and at last into a very decent fellow. (Helen is a clever minor study, but she does not illustrate our grievance.) His methods of observation, of reproduction, and the inner career of his art, are described in as much detail as the limited size of the story admits of—far more than it admits of artistically. Now, for whom is this kind of thing written? For the writer, and a few fellow-craftsmen in their novitiate. The public are healthily uninterested in the making of masterpieces. It is all they can do to accept them when they are made. If the very consciously intelligent amongst them contrive, or pretend, to be interested in such literary "shop," ten to one they will miss the main point. The amount of talk about the material, the pattern, the joints, the nails of literature just now is appalling. Literary criticism sins often enough, let us admit, but we contend at the same time that the egotistic belief in the interest of all that goes on in the literary workshop is better in the critic's page than in what pretend to be works of art. Of course, there have been great "art" novels. 'L'Œuvre' is one; but in 'L'Œuvre' the human interest is overmastering. Art there is not a mere method, but a great passion, and in its strife with the more familiar human needs tragedy finds a fitting subject.

Grievance number two is quite other. The style, mode, method, whatever one should call it, of 'Helen' is very modern. This is a hastily chosen example, but it may serve: "And as he pulled the long iron bell-handle, and looked at the two white balls at the top of the gate-pillars, and the gas-lamp in the middle, he grew still more afraid. The gate went with a click. He pushed it open, and walked along the path and up the steps of the house." It is all very conscientious; it is even alarmed, lest by carelessness any observation worth making should elude notice; rather than that, it omits none that it can squeeze in, significant and insignificant. 'Helen' is not an extreme specimen of its kind, yet it is not easy to give an idea of the minute conscientiousness, the literalness of its observation. It gives the impression of notes taken for the use of some one else, all written down in short, crisp little sentences, with a terror of selection lest the some one else's comprehension might be imperilled. This method must be very useful as an exercise for the writer. But then we are back in the workshop. That a great book will ever be written in this fashion, to which both great and small seem drawn to-day, is very doubtful.

BY REEF AND PALM. By Louis Becke. Autonym Library. 1s. 6d. (Unwin.)

These Pacific Island stories are of a wilder life than even Mr. Stevenson reveals. All the savagery of both barbarian and European human nature seems to stand exposed in these pages, intermixed with not a little heroism and gentleness of which, also, both races have their share. The stories are short, many of them abrupt, almost shorthand reports of scenes that pass before your eyes, and vanish before you have altogether realised their meaning and strangeness. They are all vigorous and many of them admirably written. Mr. Becke is a writer of force, as well as an observer of particularly keen sight, but we long to see him do something with greater space and deliberation. It is our unfamiliarity with his scenes that is at fault, no doubt, when we misunderstand or look vacantly at some of his rapid pictures. But the fact remains that we do need a little more explanation, and a little less taken for granted. The Earl of Pembroke writes an interesting account of the wandering life Mr. Becke has led, and which has given him his fund of strange experiences.

MARTIN HEWITT, INVESTIGATOR. By Arthur Morrison. 5s. (Ward, Lock and Co.)

The author of 'Tales of Mean Streets' has added another volume to the pile of detective stories. Perhaps one should lament a waste of talent, but it is more to the purpose to recognise his versatility. Martin Hewitt is a genial fellow; his mild manners are at least a quarter of his secret, for it seems natural to pour out confidences to him. His results, too, were worth his reputation. The Lenton Croft Robberies and the Stanway Cameo Mystery are among the good stories of their kind. Detective literature is now so great in bulk that there is surely room for a professional critic from Scotland Yard. The cynical attitude he would undoubtedly assume in the matter would not altogether wean the popular taste from these wonderful narratives, while the miracles of 'cuteness commemorated in the stories might have a really sharpening effect on the prepared mind of a trained detective, and through him on the department generally.

AMYGDALA. A tale of the Greek Revolution. By Mrs. Edmonds. (Bell).

Mrs. Edmonds writes charmingly of the scenes among which her story lies, and with enthusiastic appreciation of the patriotism of the struggling Greeks and the generosity of their foreign helpers. The story, too, save for the dull English portions which we can only think are dragged in by way of proof of the high respectability of the young artist volunteer fighting in Greece—the story, save for these, is a pretty idyll, whose course we are glad to follow. Mrs. Edmonds, whose knowledge of modern Greece is exceptional, uses her own experiences and her studies with skill in the narrative. A novel of character it has no pretence of being. Gerard, Irene, Neroula, and the pappas are mere dummies with different coloured labels round their necks to represent conventional qualities. But if there be no real inside to the book, it warms our hearts, nevertheless, by calling up again the story of a splendid struggle.

SHEEP OR GOATS? By Valentine Delle. 3 vols. (Unwin.)

The author has made the not uncommon mistake of setting up his note-book in type, dressing up some extracts in the guise of human beings, and splitting others into the form of conversations. The result is not a success as a novel. The thin story is passable; the two heroes, Will and Bert, are sympathetic so far as we realise them, and the tone of the reflections is refined, and sometimes poetical. But there is a want of robustness in the build of the narrative and of the personages. 'Sheep or Goats' is the book of an amiable and cultivated person whose attempt at literature is not as yet justified.

CLIFF DAYS. By Brian Rosegarth. Pseudonym Library. (Unwin.)

In his 'Cliff Days' Mr. Kenneth fell very much in love with Miss Gertrude Albyn, within six weeks of her evidently suitable marriage with Monsieur de Clery. Gertrude was a good-humoured slangy hoyden, perhaps a better companion for a picnic than for life. From sheer light-heartedness, or with the superior purpose of stirring up the vitality of the rather decrepit Kenneth, she flirted with him outrageously, but flatly refused to break off her marriage with the advantageous Belgian. So Kenneth went back to London in despair, poured out his soul to a sympathetic friend, read the account of the wedding in the newspaper, swore, then sat down at the piano, and after having sung *Ich grolle nicht*, plunged into noisy boyish dissipation with congenial friends. This bald summary is not unfair to the matter of the story, which is trivial, or to the treatment, which is unimpressive. But, at the same time, it should be said that there is workmanship in the book much above the average, and when Brian Rosegarth has thought out a good story, he may tell it very well. His enthusiasm for music is obvious, but he should find a better expression for it than by presenting us with the complete words of the songs that delighted the Cliff afternoon tea parties and inflamed the passion of Kenneth.

THE MASK AND THE MAN. By Percy Andreae. (Smith, Elder.)

From what we have seen of Mr. Andreae's work we expect him always to choose or invent original and unconventional plots for his stories. 'Stanhope of Chester' was in this respect a book in a thousand. And here again he has built his story on a no less striking, if a rather less original situation. Yet Mr. Andreae has made a mistake, and the note he prefixes to the book helps us to realise it. "For the dramatic incident on which the following story is based the

author is indebted to a Swiss friend, who made it the subject of a little sketch printed fifteen years ago for private circulation." Now the friend's story was very likely not half so well written as Mr. Andreae's, but it was a "little sketch." So should Mr. Andreae's have been. A very memorable short story might have been made out of the incident. It is only an incident; it needs no gradual development of character; and of its three-hundred-and-fifty pages, three-hundred sap the strength of the remainder. But, we repeat, the situation is a fine one—so good that we will not divulge it—and it is worked out, if much too lengthily, in a fine romantic spirit.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

NAPLES, the City of Parthenope, and its Environs. By Clara E. Clement. Illustrated. (Gay and Bird.)

Mrs. Clement has written a history of Naples, an account of its archæological interest, and a guide-book for present-day travellers. It is not easy for the same pen to write clear, hard facts and give light, sketchy impressions of scenery and every-day life; and since she excels in one more than the other we are glad it is in the more substantial part. It is easier to see or imagine beauties of landscape and characteristics of manners than to find interesting historical facts in so convenient a form. The historical portions are so clear, bright, and readable that we hope Mrs. Clement will turn her attention to some other Italian cities. The book is a very pretty one; our illustration can only, unfortunately, give a dim idea of the pictures, which are photogravures. For the traveller in Italy we should call it nearly indispensable; but it would make a charming gift-book for others who have no immediate prospects of travel.

From 'Naples.' By C. E. Clement. (Gay and Bird.)

CHAPTERS FROM SOME MEMOIRS. By Anne Thackeray Ritchie. (Macmillan.)

These are pleasant odds and ends from Mrs. Ritchie's store of remembrances which has been largely drawn on before. Very great personages appear in them, but mostly as seen through a child's eyes. A child remembers vividly, but as often the accidents as the significant facts of scenes and people. It is interesting, however, to hear that she saw Jasmin, heard Chopin, knew Mrs. Kemble intimately. And to her glimpses of her father *en famille* she contrives to give a kind of pathetic attraction. Count D'Orsay, Trelawny, the Carlyles, Leech, come into her story, and she seems only to have a memory for pleasant impressions. One page stands out prominently — an addition to Brontë literature. It is the description of that desperately gloomy evening when Currer Bell was the "lion" at Thackeray's, and of how her misery at a situation she was unfit to cope with cast a thick cloud of dulness on all the bright and sympathetic people there to do her honour.

ROBERT F. MURRAY: His Poems. With Memoir by Andrew Lang. 5s. (Longmans.)

Mr. Lang has performed his pious task with tact, honesty, and sympathy. The author of 'The Scarlet Gown' was a verse-writer of much grace, wit, and refinement. His early death cut short a career of certain literary promise. Whether that promise would have been fulfilled along the lines of the earlier book or of these "remains," selected by Professor Meiklejohn from his serious poems, it is impossible to say. The lighter verse had the more distinction; but the poems here show an ambition to be something other than a second Calverly. Mr. Lang attempts no impossible eulogy, and makes no moan over Murray's want of success. He was a retiring, diffident, sensitive soul, to whom town life, or even any literary life of which routine should form a part, was impossible. Such a nature cannot command success, and his editor and biographer accepts the fact, as Murray himself did, without any bitterness. "The Solitary" is not the best poem, but it is perhaps the most characteristic. It is the picture of a lonely man whose joys and sorrows are beyond the world's control, but who had striven to be a social being.

"Yet have I ever found, when thus I strove
To mould my life upon the common plan,
That I was furthest from all truth and love,
And least a living man.

Truth frowned upon my poor hypocrisy,
Life left my soul, and dwelt but in my sense;
No man could love me, for all men could see
The hollow, vain pretence.

* * * * * *

So will I follow now my spirit's bent,
Not scorning those who walk the beaten track,
Yet not despising mine own banishment,
Nor often looking back."

GLEAMS OF MEMORY. By James Payn. (Smith and Elder.)

Mr. Payn may have given the best of his reminiscences in his previous volume, 'Some Literary Recollections,' but he had ample matter for this volume. These supplementary memories are characterised by the same quiet humour, the same shrewd but gentle judgments of human nature. Remembrances of his childhood, of old eccentrics whom he had known and studied, circumstances relating to the publication of his stories, make up the book, in which there is much to amuse, and not a word that is ungenial. Mr. Payn tells frankly that he has not been specially favoured by fortune—"the total income I have made by my pen has been but an average of £1,500 a year for thirty-five working years," though he supposes that he may say without vanity he has been in the first dozen or so of story-tellers. Of this he makes no moan—"if I were to live twenty lives I would choose no other profession. It is the brightest and most genial of all of them, and, so far at least as my experience goes, the most free from jealousies and acrimonies."

VANITY FAIR ALBUM. Vol. xxvi. 1894. (Office.)

Spy's 1894 series of portraits and caricatures is a brilliant one, in spite of the fact that perhaps a smaller number than

usual of the personages are very familiarly known. The exact point where caricature and portrait meet has in some cases been seized with inimitable skill. Among the more popularly interesting persons commemorated are the Grand Duke Michael, Mr. Edward Blake, Mr. Cust, Mr. George Alexander, the ex-President of the French Republic, Mr. Jay Gould, Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Dr. Burdon Sanderson, Mr. Selous, Mr. Clement Shorter, and Admiral Fremantle. The letterpress about these people is always good-natured, and often funny. It has one stereotyped joke, but if the writers have got the receipt by heart, they apply it not unseldom wittily. For a brief, permanently valuable record of the times it would be hard to name a rival to the Album.

THE BUILDING OF THE CITY BEAUTIFUL. By Joaquin Miller. (John Lane.)

We do not know if the Miriam of this extraordinary book be merely a character in fiction or a portrait taken from real life. If the latter, her picture must be a slander, and as it is always good to speak evil of a slander. we may let our natural inclinations have their way. Our doubt arises from the fact that she first appears on the scene at Jerusalem, as the secretary, "or something of the sort," to Sir Moses Montefiore. There an American tourist finds her at the first glance "wondrously beautiful and strong and strange!" For her beauty we have Mr. Miller's repeated assertions as proof; in her convincing strangeness there is consolation. She must indeed have been "wondrously strong," to have had so much ready indignation and such a fund of conversation about her. For she talks silent readers into exhaustion. Mr. Joaquin Miller, somehow, did not observe this characteristic of hers, and says indeed, "She was a woman of few words, like all really great women," and again, "she was, in fact, spoken of by all who knew her in London as the silent woman." Well, we can only say they didn't know her in Jerusalem and Egypt; but Mr. Joaquin Miller should have been aware of her powers in this way; he must have automatically reported her while gazing at "her dark immensity of hair" or at "her lifted face which had all the awful splendour of a lioness aroused" upon it. For the American tourist we have only sympathy; many a one before him has been completely taken in by a woman with "midnight hair" and a glorious lioness face who spoke rubbish with a fine vocabulary, and though it wearies us to hear that "her singularly intense and perfect mentality took in and absorbed to herself the minds, the inmost thoughts of those who came in contact with her," and that "she was as far away from him and above him and beyond him as was the farthest and loftiest column she had recalled to existence," still, we repeat, we are sorry for him, especially after the following scene. "She said slowly, softly, and so very sweetly, 'I love you, John Morton.' It was the first time she had spoken his name so—his plain, simple name. The hands [hers] remained above and about the face [also hers], framing it like a face of the Madonna. 'You, you will be mine?' 'Yes.' 'God bless you, Miriam, for that promise. But you know I go now to begin my work in the New World. When will you be mine? Where? At what time?' 'Time?' Her hands fell down and lay so heavily in her lap. He dared not try to touch them, and she said, looking away, beyond, as if at the ghost of Thebes and her hundred gates, 'Time? Not in time—eternity.' He sprang up and threw his arms tightly across his breast—" which was very moderate conduct on his part. Well, the two, apart and together, devote themselves to the service of humanity, each to the "building of a City Beautiful," and make various convenient discoveries. Her share is a considerable one, seeing the amount of lecturing she does, but years do not make her more attractive. He had a bad time with his City, and owning to his failure very frankly, asked her, with his usual modesty, the reason of it. "At last she said slowly, sadly [she always speaks slowly and sadly, mostly, though not here, in the imperative mood], 'you failed because of your vanity, your painful and most pitiful vanity.'" She dies at last, with fine stage effects, and we leave her with a fervent hope that John Morton may miss that tryst in eternity.

THE YELLOW BOOK. Vol. 4. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

There is greater average merit in the latest number of the *Yellow Book* than in the former ones, but there is no one feature that stands out prominently, unless it be the fearsome picture of Mr. George Moore, which is calculated to justify all the obstinate prejudices of librarians. Of the fiction, by far the best thing is the editor's own story, "The Bohemian Girl." Mr. Ashcroft Noble's paper on "Mr. Stevenson's Forerunner," by which he means Alexander Smith, is a sympathetic and grateful tribute to the real merits of an almost forgotten essayist. Mr. Norman Hopgood writes in a rather awkward, but decidedly vigorous and original manner on Henri Beyle, otherwise Stendhal; and the article has thought in it, and reveals a true capacity for criticism. Among the other literary contributors may be mentioned Mr. Le Gallienne, Mr. Marriott Watson, Miss Ménie Muriel Dowie, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and Mr. John Davidson.

THE VALE OF ARDEN, and other Poems. By Alfred Hayes. 3s. 6d. (John Lane).

Mr. Hayes has taken the poems "From Midland Meadows"—his contribution to 'A Fellowship in Song,' of which the other two authors were Mr. Norman Gale and Mr. Le Gallienne—and, adding a few more, has sent them out in a very pretty little volume. There is no rubbish in the book, not a single poem that one cannot read with respect and liking. Perhaps only two or three can be picked out as having distinction, and the best of these, "My Study," we already called attention to when it appeared in *The Yellow Book*. But a perfectly sincere love of nature, of flowers, birds and gardens, and as sincere a sense of the bondage of town life and town tastes, make wholesome causes of the joy and sorrow in a book of verse; and these are expressed with frequent beauty, an occasional impressive dignity, and never-failing refinement.

SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE. Edited by T. J. Wise. With Illustrations by Walter Crane. Book I., Part 2. Canto I.-VIII. 10s. 6d. (G. Allen.)

This enterprise, looked forward to eagerly for reasons widely different, has come up to the highest expectation. Mr. Wise has watched over the text jealously, so that the edition may satisfy all demands of scholarship. Mr. Crane's illustrations are what were wanted—picturesqueness, romance, and delicate fancy are their characteristics. The type is excellent, and the page open and attractive. In these first parts we see promise of a worthy edition of Spenser.

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE. Translated by Lady Mary Loyd. Illustrated by the Author. 15s. net. (Heinemann).

Lady Mary Loyd is gaining a reputation for making quite creditable but altogether superfluous translations of by no means first-class French books. The Prince de Joinville's 'Vieux Souvenirs' is easy to procure and to read by those interested in his personality. Still, since she has translated it, let us own she has done so creditably; and though his is not a book of great interest, the Prince had a notion of how to write effective memoirs. A discontented man so far as all his country's affairs were concerned, what he has to say or tell of his time, historically or politically, is nearly valueless. But in his travels he showed himself a curious, keen, and trained observer. Every now and again in his narrative there occurs a picture as well-depicted and outstanding as any of his clever pen and ink sketches. But perhaps of all the pictures the one to stick most in the memory is that of himself and his brother and sisters, little sprigs of royalty, listening to the bustle of the Revolution of 1830, in the Paris streets, and catching the superficial fervour to the extent of making tricolour cockades.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES IN AMERICA. By W. I. Fletcher. (Sampson, Low.)

Librarians, public benefactors, local authorities, and good citizens generally have an interest in this manual. At a time when much money is being spent on public libraries and many minds are being exercised as to their benefit, clear information as to the public opportunities for reading in other countries, and suggestions for management, and examples of generosity, are of the highest value. These are all to be found in Mr. Fletcher's book, which addresses itself equally to the professional librarian, the borrower, and the possible donor.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anecdota Oxoniensia: Part 8, Ethiopic Version of the Hebrew Book of Jubilees, ed. by R. H. Charles, 12/6 ..... Oxford Press

Anglican Sister of Mercy, The.....Stock
[*Specially addressed, as a warning, to those who are thinking of entering a "religious" life, and containing many exposures of "Popery in disguise" practised in Anglican establishments. The book was previously issued under the title of 'Maude.'*]

BALFOUR, R. G.—Central Truths and Side Issues, 3/6..T. & T. Clark

BODY, C. W. E.—Permanent Value of the Book of Genesis (the Bishop Paddock Lectures, 1894), 5/-..... Longmans

BREWSTER, C. B.—The Cross the Key of Life, 2/6

BURNETT, Rev. T. M.—The Wondrous Cross, Simple Addresses on the Seven Last Words, 2/6 ..... Skeffington

DAVIES, W.—The Pilgrim of the Infinite, Discourses, 3/6..Macmillan
[*Addresses to the "Advanced Religious Thinker." Cultivated in tone, and permeated by a gentle mysticism, they should have a large and sympathetic audience.*]

DE PANAMA, Viscountess de.—The Divine Problem of Man, 3/6 Roxburghe Press
[*The authoress is under the impression she has given "an explanation of what man is." She has not touched the point, but has written down some amiable and touching sentiments on the needs of humanity.*]

DEARDEN Rev. H. W.—Parochial Sermons, 3/6 .....Stock

DENNEY, Rev. J.—Studies in Theology, 5/- .... Hodder & Stoughton

DICE, A —The Revelation: a Book for To-day, 6/- .....Stock

DRUMMOND, J.—Via, Veritas, Vita: Lectures on Christianity, 10/6 (Hibbert Lectures, 1894) .....Williams & Norgate

EARLE, Rev. W.—The Reunion of Christendom, 6/-.....Stock
[*We cannot think that this book will fulfil its aim. No book will that starts from the idea that Episcopacy, or any other "acy," is absolutely right, and that condemns in so cocksure a way all that it deems heresies. Presbyterians and Congregationalists will not want to unite with those who talk of their "deplorable" and their "sinful" state.*]

ELLISON, H. J.—Sermons and Addresses on Church Temperance Subjects, 5/-.....Gardner & Darton

Franzeline, John Baptist, S.J., by Rev. N. Walsh, 4/- ..... Gill

Gospel of Buddha according to Old Records, told by Paul Carus, 6/- Sonnenschein

GRANT, G. M.—Religions of the World in Relation to Christianity (Guild Text Books), 6d. net..... .....Black
[*A concise and intelligent account of Mohammedanism, Confucianism, Hinduism, and Buddhism.*]

HARNACK, Dr. A.—History of Dogma, translated by R. Buchanan, vol. 1, 10/6.....Williams & Norgate

HILEY, R. W.—A Year's Sermons, based upon some of the Scriptures appointed for Sunday Morning, 2 vols., 12/-..Longmans

JOHNSON, Rev. T.—The Preaching of the Cross, 3/6.....Skeffington

KINGSBURY, T. L.—Christmas and Epiphany, their Doctrinal Significance, 2/6..... .....Gardner & Darton

Laud, William, by W. H. Hutton, 3/6 (Leaders of Religion Series) Methuen

Lex Mosaica, or the Law of Moses and the Higher Criticism, Introduction by Lord A. Hervey, ed. by French, 15/- Eyre & Spottiswoode

MOULE, H. C. G.—Grace and Godliness, Studies in the Epistle to the Ephesians, 2/6.....Seeley

MUIR, Sir W.—The Beacon of Truth, Testimony of the Coran to Truth of the Christian Religion, 2/6 .....R.T.S.

NYE.—Popular Illustrated Church Annual, 1895, 3/6.....Simpkin

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[*See p.* 155.]

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[*See p.* 158.]

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Secret Memoirs of the Court of Louis XIV. and of the Regency, 10/6 net .....Nichols

SEYMOUR, CHARLES, of Connaught, Reminiscences of, by A. J. Seymour, 2/-

VERNEY, M. M.—Memoirs of the Verney Family, Vol. 3, 21/- Longmans

WILLARD, F. E.—My Happy Half Century, the Autobiography of an American Woman, 3/6 .....Ward Lock

NEW EDITIONS.

BENT, J. T.—Ruined Cities of Mashonaland, 3/6 (Silver Library) Longmans

English Men of Letters, edited by J. Morley; Vol. 2, containing Milton, Goldsmith, and Cowper, 3/6..... Macmillan

FROUDE, J. A.—The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, 3 vols., 10/6 (Silver Library) .....Longmans

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ARNOLD, J. O.—Steel Works Analysis, 10/6, Specialist series. Whittaker

Aristotle's Politics, a Revised Text, with Introduction, etc., by Susemihl and Hicks, Books 1 to 5, 18/- net. .....Macmillan

BELL, T. F.—Jacquard Weaving and Designing, 12/- net..Longmans

BELL, R.—Home Book of Medical Treatment: Women and Children, a Guide to Mothers, 6/- each .....Bryce

BERENSON, B.—Lorenzo Lotto, an Essay in Constructive Art Criticism, 15/- net.....Putnams

BRUNNOW, Dr. R.—Chrestomathy of Arabic Prose Pieces, 8/- Williams & Norgate

BUCHHEIM, C. A.—German Classics, Vol. xii., Goethe's Dichtung und Wahrheit (first four books), 4/6

BURN, R.—Ancient Rome and its Neighbourhood, 7/6 .....Bell

Cicero Milo, Kayser's Text, interleaved with the Oxford Literal Translation, 3/6

CLOWES, F., and COLEMAN, J. B.—Elementary Qualitative Chemical Analysis, 2/6 .....Churchill

CRAWFORD, W. R.—Common Words Commonly Mispronounced, 2/-.....Blackie

[*A useful little book arranged on a good, clear system. But one is at variance sometimes with the author. His is a troublesome, thankless subject.*]

DICKSEE, B.—The London Building Act, 1894, 5/- net.....Stanford

DONISTHORPE, W.—Law in a Free State, 5/- net.....Macmillan

DUNSFORD, F.—Stock Exchange Handbook, 1/- net. Dunsford, Leeds.

[*Sixth annual publication, corrected up to date. The arrangement is very clear, particulars about each stock being on a separate page.*]

DUTTON, T.—The Rearing and Feeding of Children, 2/- ....Hirschfeld

EARLE, A. M.—Costume of Colonial Times, 5/- net. .....Nutt

EMERSON, O. F.—The History of the English Language, 6/- net. Macmillan

[*Based on lectures given at an American University, and designed for the use of teachers and students of English. It is a scholarly work, while not beyond the grasp of the highest forms in schools. Another thing may be said in its favour—it is less dry than most English books on this subject.*]

Fair Women, Forty Reproductions of Pictures in the Grafton Galleries, 63/- net.

FINK, Surgeon-Capt. G. H.—Methods of Operating for Cataract, 5/- Churchill

FOWLER, W. W.—Summer Studies of Birds and Books, 6/- Macmillan

Fox Terrier Club Stud-Book and Show Record, Vol. 5, Edited by H. Dalziel, 3/6

GLEASON, E. B.—Essentials of the Diseases of the Ear, 4/- net. Hirschfeld

GUMPEL, G.—On the Natural Immunity against Cholera, 2/6 Williams & Norgate

HAYCRAFT, J. B.—Darwinism and Race Progress, 2/6 .Sonnenschein

HOARE, E. W.—Manual of Veterinary Therapeutics and Pharmacology, 10/6.....Bailliere

JENNER, Sir W.—Clinical Lectures and Essays on Rickets, Tuberculosis, 14/- net. ....Rivington

Livy, Book VI., edited by E. S. Weymouth and G. F. Hamilton, 2/6 Bell

Macaulay's Horatius and Battle of Lake Regulus, 6/- .....Blackie

[*Even classics for elementary schools should have biographical sketches of their authors. Nothing else of importance seems to be omitted from this excellent little edition.*]

MARKHAM, C. A.—The Church Plate of the County of Northampton, 17/- net.... .....Simpkin

MASON, O. T.—Woman's Share in Primitive Culture, 6/ net. Macmillan

MOLIERE, J. B. P.—Le Misanthrope, with Introduction and Notes by E. G. W. Braunholtz, 2/6. Pitt Press Series. Cambridge Warehouse

MULLER, Dr. G.—Spinal Curvature and Awkward Deportment, 12mo, 2/6 cl.....Scientific Press

NABER, H. A.—Standard Methods in Physics and Electricity Criticised, 5/-.....Electrician Office

NEWTON, Prof. A.—Dictionary of Birds, Part 3, 7/6 net.

Nollekens and his Times, by J. T. Smith, edited by E. Gosse, 15/- Putnams

ORFORD, H.—Lens Work for Amateurs, 3/- .....Whittaker

Ovid, Stories from, Edited by A. H. Allcroft .....Blackie

[*Adapted for elementary classes. The selections are very attractive and the notes on grammar and prosody very full.*]

PERKIN, W. H., and KIPPING, F. S.—Organic Chemistry, Part 2, 3/6 Chambers

Properti Carmina, recognovit J. P. Postgate, 3/6 net. ..... Bell

REDGRAVE, G. R.—Calcareous Cements, their Nature and Uses, 8/6

RIEHL, W. H.—Die Ganerben, Die Gerechtigkeit Gottes, zwei Geschichten, ed. Wolstenholme, 3/-, Pitt Press. Camb. Warehouse

ROSE, J. A., A Collection of Engraved Portraits exhibited by the late. With Biographies and an Introduction by Gordon Goodwin .... Marcus Ward

SADLER, S. H.—Infant Feeding by Artificial Means, 5/- Scientific Press

SCOTT.—Marmion, with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by J. H. E. Masterman, 2/6, Pitt Press.....Camb. Warehouse

SELLMANN, Dr. H.—Principles of Surgery and Surgical Pathology. Translated by Rogers and Tilton, 21/-

SEXTON, A. H.—Elementary Text-book of Metallurgy, 6/- ....Griffin

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited by A. W. Verity, 1/- Pitt Press .....Camb. Press

[*A scholarly and serviceable edition.*]

SHEILD, A. M.—Diseases of the Ear, 10/6.....Cassell

SOUVESTRE, E.—Le Serf, Le Chevrier de Lorraine, edited by A. R. Ropes, 2/-, Pitt Press .....Camb. Warehouse

STEARNS, F. P.—Life and Genius of Jacopo Robusti, called Tintoretto, 9/- net..... .....Putnams

St. Michael and Inveresk, edited by J. Wilkie, 3/6 net. .....Oliphant

SUTHERLAND, W.—Eight Marble Patterns, 5/-.....Simpkin

Vanity Fair Album, 1894.....Office

[*See p.* 157.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

ALLEN, C. D.—American Book Plates, 12/6 net.....Bell

Aunt Mai's Annual, 1894 .....A. Constable

[*Pictures, stories, verses, plays, and games, reprinted from the "Parents' Review." All save the pictures are good, indeed, much above the average of children's literature.*]

BARNETT, E. A. The Training of Girls for Work, an Expression of Opinion, 2/6.....Macmillan

Bookplate Annual Armorial Year Book, The, 1895, 5/- A. & C. Black

[*A very attractive Annual not only to collectors, but to all book-lovers and those who value beautiful printing.*]

Bookworm, The, 1894 .....Stock

[*A storehouse of odds and ends about books and book-lovers. A pleasant volume to find lying on a library table.*]

BURGEL, A.—Thistledown and Mustard Seed, 3/6 .....Stock

[*Humorous and pathetic scenes and sketches. The author has fancy and versatility that ought to serve him in longer flights.*]

Burns Chronicle and Club Directory Annual, 1/6 Brown, Kilmarnock
[*An important issue. Besides a great deal of miscellaneous Burns Club news, there are two very valuable articles: "a Chronology of the Poetical Works," by Mr. McNaught, the editor; and "Some Missing Burns Manuscripts," by Mr. G. A. Aitken, editor of the Aldine edition.*]

CLEGG, J.—International Directory of Secondhand Booksellers Clegg, Rochdale
[*A very useful compilation.*]

DANYERS, G.—Blood is Thicker than Water.....Tower Pub. Co.
[*A political dream. The hero of the dream is Lord Philip Sidney, who thinks a great deal of the Empire, and when Prime Minister actually succeeds in carrying through a Federation scheme.*]

FLINT, R.—Socialism, 12/6.....Isbister

Fore's Sporting Notes and Sketches, vol. ii., 10/6 .....Fores

GARTH, S.—A Home for Old Maids, 2/6 ....Unwin

GUNN, E. S.—The Romance of Paradise 3/6 ....Low

HARVEY, F. J.—Teacher's Manual of Physical Exercises, 3/6 Longmans

Hero Tales of Ireland, collected by J. Curtin, 8/6 net .....Macmillan

HOLLOWAY, W.—Leaves from a Lawyer's Diary 1/- ..... .Digby
[*Mr. Holloway should henceforth keep his diary sacred from his friends. They incited him to publish his political and social sentiments and his verses in Latin, French, and English. They were unkind friends.*]

LILLIE, A.—Madame Blavatsky and her Theosophy, 6/-Sonnenschein

LORD, C. E.—New Light Dumb-bell Drill 6d. .....Allenson
[*Short, sensible directions as to how to get the best value from dumb-bell exercises without undue fatigue.*]

MADAN, F.—The Early Oxford Press. Bibliography of Books printed or published at Oxford, 1468-1640, 18/- ..Oxford Univ. Press

MCDONALD, D.—Sweet-scented Flowers and Fragrant Leaves, Interesting Associations, 5/-.....Low

MORRISON, A., and SHEPHERD, J. A.—Zig-zags at the Zoo, 7/6 Newnes
[*Mr Shepherd's witty animal pictures are familiar to all readers of the "Strand Magazine." Mr. Morrison, with his usual ability, has written up to them in an amusing fashion. In their collected form they make a handsome and an entertaining volume.*]

PIGGOTT, M. T.—Two on a Tour and other Papers from the Isis, 2/6 net..... .....Simpkin

SCOTT, C.—Among the Apple Orchards ....Remington
[*Sketches of country life narrative and descriptive. The letter-press, which tells how the author and his family went into rural seclusion and actually were not dull, is pleasant enough and very wholesome.*]

SKINNER, T.—Stock Exchange Year-Book, 1895, 18/- .....Office

STABLES, GORDON.—Shireen and her Friends, Pages from the Life of a Persian Cat, 3/6 ....Jarrold

STOKER, BRAM.—The Watter's Mou', 2/-, Acme Library A. Constable

STRACHEY, Sir E.—Talks at a Country House, Fact and Fiction, 4/6 net.....Blackwood

NEW EDITIONS.

MALLOCK, W. H.—Labour and the Popular Welfare, 1/- .....Black
[*This is a cheap reprint of a remarkable essay. Even Socialists will find it of interest and value, for it states very clearly their opponents' point of view.*]

SALMOND, J. B.—My Man Sandy.....Brodie, Arbroath
[*These sketches of Scottish character have won popularity. The author in this new edition has tried to make the dialect more intelligible to those not born in Angus or Mearns.*]

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books, in order of demand, as sold between December 15th, 1894, and January 15th, 1895:—

LONDON, E.C.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s. (Hodder.)
2. Clerical Life. Canon Liddon. 6s. (Longmans.)
3. Lang's Yellow Fairy Book. 6s. (Longmans.)
4. Church (Dean), Life. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan).
5. Doreen. Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Watson's Odes. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

Nothing stands out very distinctive this month. The sales have been steady all round; business on the whole greatly improved.

MANCHESTER.

1. Maclaren's Bonnie Brier Bush.
2. Weyman's Books.
3. Caine's Manxman.
4. Kidd's Social Evolution.
5. Stevenson's Books (all).
6. Farrar's Christ in Art.

BIRMINGHAM.

1. Mr. Pemberton: Fairbrass.
2. R. L. Stevenson: Works.
3. Mr. Gaskin: Good King Wenceslas.
4. The Cranford Series.
5. The Life of Dean Church.
6. Mr. Hayes: The Vale of Arden.

BRADFORD.

1. Socialism. 10s. 6d. Flint. (Isbister.)
2. Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s. Maclaren. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
3. Keynotes. 3s. 6d. net. Egerton. (Lane.)
4. Studies in Theology. 5s. Denney. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
5. First Things First. 3s 6d. Jackson. (Hodder & Stoughton)
6. All R. L. Stevenson's Works.

BURNLEY.

1. First Things First. Rev. Geo. Jackson, B.A. 3s. 6d.
2. Pure Pleasures. R. P. Downes. 2s. 6d. (Kelly.)
3. A Mountain Path. J. A. Hamilton. 3s. 6d. (S. Low.)
4. Manxman. Hall Caine. 6s.
5. Ten-Minute Sermons. W. R. Nicoll.
6. Labour and Sorrow. Knox Little. 3s. 6d.

GLASGOW.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. Ian Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. Doreen. By Edna Lyall. 6s. (Longmans.)
3. The Humour of the Scot. By Jas. Inglis, author of 'Our Ain Folk.' Each 6s. (Douglas, Edinburgh.)
4. Searchings in the Silence. By George Matheson, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Cassell & Co.)
5. The Trial and Death of Christ. By Rev. Dr. Stalker. 5s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
6. The Play Actress. By S. R. Crockett. 1s. 6d. and 2s. (Fisher Unwin.)

Since the beginning of the year the book business has been very quiet. We in Glasgow complain of the number of Church bazaars, which booksellers are expected and asked to aid.

Some publishers are doing their utmost to ruin the trade by selling to the drapers, who buy large quantities at reduced prices. No doubt lots are "remainders," but the public read the advertisements, and, of course, imagine they get better value at the draper's than at respectable booksellers.

ABERDEEN.

1. Bonnie Brier Bush. By Maclaren. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
2. R. L. Stevenson's Works.
3. S. R. Crockett's Books.
4. A Lost Ideal. By Annie S. Swan. 3s. 6d. (Oliphant.)
5. Erasmus. By Froude. 6s. (Longmans.)
6. Humour of the Scot. By Inglis. 6s. (David Douglas.)

DUMFRIES.

1. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. 6s.
2. Lilac Sunbonnet. Crockett. 6s.
3. Play Actress. Crockett. 2s.
4. Humour of the Scot.
5. Dean Church's Life and Letters. 12s. 6d.
6. Auld Scotch Songs (2nd series). 3s. 6d.

DUBLIN (1).

1. Maria Edgeworth's Life.
2. Maspero's Chaldea.
3. Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.
4. Jane Barlow: Kerrigan's Quality.
5. Weyman: My Lady Rotha.
6. Weyman: Under the Red Robe.

DUBLIN (2).

1. Boy's and Girl's Own Annuals, 1894.
2. Doreen. By Edna Lyall.
3. Kerrigan's Quality. By Jane Barlow.
4. Under the Red Robe. By S. Weyman.
5. Round the Red Lamp. By A. Conan Doyle.
6. Banshee Castle. By R. Mulholland.

We guarantee the authenticity of the above lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns named.

TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.
(*Secondhand.*)

First editions of R. L. Stevenson's works are very greatly in demand, and have increased in value very considerably.

LIVERPOOL (1).

Trade fairly good, and the new Scotch authors well to the fore, particularly Ian Maclaren.

LIVERPOOL (2).

Trade has been very quiet, but a fair demand has been made for educational works The depressed state of trade existing a the close of 1894 is regrettably maintained as far as general books are concerned, but a steady trade is made in Travels and Fiction.

BRISTOL.

Good steady trade during Christmas week. Great run on Stevenson and Weyman. New book, 'Divining Rod,' also going well.

YORK.

Outlook at the commencement of the year rather gloomy. The weather, however, has been very stormy, and as it improves, trade prospects will no doubt be brighter.

GLOUCESTER.

The Dean of Gloucester has written an article on Gloucester Cathedral, which will appear in a new guide-book to the city in two or three weeks. The article will be illustrated by sketches by a local artist.

CORK.

Trade is getting a bit brisker, the schools having opened.

BOOKS WANTED.

[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

J. S. AMOORE, 28, HIGH STREET, WIMBLEDON COMMON.

Cassell's Book of Birds, 6 vols.
Chameleon, Part 1.
Bartlett's History of Wimbledon.
Browning's Paracelsus, 1st edition.

EDWARD BAKER, 14 AND 16, JOHN BRIGHT STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Milner's Astronomy, 1843.
Christian Commonwealth, 1849.
Gandee's Artist, 1837.
Saunders on the Teeth, 1837.
Mudie's Birds, 2 vols., 1834.
Cook's Melea, 1838.
Ellis Richmond and other Poems, 1845.
Shells and their Inmates, 1841.
Sherwood's Social Tales.

E. BOND, THE ROOKERY, EYE, SUFFOLK.

Virginibus Puerisque, Treasure Island, Underwoods, A Child's Garden of Verses, or any others by R. L. Stevenson.

BRIGDEN & CO., GLOUCESTER.

Hopkin's Pastoral Theology.
Flint's Theism.
Wayland's Moral Philosophy.
McCosh's Psychology.
Butler's Analogy of Religion.
Young Woman, Oct., 1893.

T. BROWN & CO., 9, RAY STREET, FARRINGDON ROAD, E.C.

Sarum Missal in Latin.
Row's Reasons for Christianity.
Lightfoot, Colossians, etc.
Walcott's English Minsters, 2 vols.
" Cathedralia.

A. BROWN, 15, BRISTO PLACE, EDINBURGH.

Old and New Edinburgh, by Grant, in parts.
The Miller of Deanhaugh, by J. Ballantyne.
Songs of the North.
Geordie Purdie in London.
Sheffield Books or Pamphlets.
Melbourne Almanack, 1841.

JOHN BRUNSKILL, 12, NEVILLE ST., YORK.

Geikie's Hours with the Bible, odd vols.
Spurgeon's Treasury of David, odd vols.
Ward's Methodism in Swaledale.
Hazell's Annual Cyclopædia, recent issues.
Works on Yorkshire and Westmoreland.

THOMAS CARVER, 6, HIGH STREET, HEREFORD.

Shelley's Prometheus Unbound, 1820 (bds.)
Symonds' Renaissance in Italy.
New Quarterly Mag., January, April, July, 1877; July, 1879.
Pine's Horace, vol. 1, boards, uncut.
Pinkerton's Travels, 4to, vol. 9.
Havergal, Herefordshire Words and Phrases.
Lang's Fairy Books, set of 7 small blue vols.
Baker's Rifle and Hound, 1874.

R. C. CHAPMAN, PUBLIC LIBRARY, CROYDON.

Blackwood's Magazine, Vols. 1 to 147 and Index.
Contemporary Review, Vols. 1 to 53.
Nineteenth Century, Vols. 1 to 27.
Ballad Society Publications, Nos. 1 to 5, 8 to 13, 33 and after.
Browning Society Publications, Nos. 1 to 6, 13 and after.

ALFRED COOPER, 68, CHARING CROSS ROAD, W.C.

Fencing Works.
Books on Costume, with plates.
America, any works on.
Napoleon I., any books on.
Occult Sciences, works treating of.
Campbell's Phallic Worship.
Theophilus Keene, Life of, 1718.
Blagdon's Life of Morland.
Military Costume Plates.
T. Hardy's Novels, 1st eds.
Geo. Meredith's do., „
La Pucelle, translated by Ireland.
„ „ Charleville.
Comical History of Francion.
Gilbert's De Magnete.
Payne's Armorial of Jersey.

HENRY DOOLEY, STOCKPORT.

Hamerton's Portfolio, vol. 3, 1872, parts or vol.
Examples of Modern Etching, Hamerton (Seeley).
Photographic Quarterly, No. 1.
Boy's Own Annual, vols. 1 and 2 (R.T.S.).

W. GEORGE'S SONS, BRISTOL.

Somerset Record Society, 5 vols.
Herefordshire, Pomona, 2 vols.

JOHN GUTHRIE, 105, ALEXANDRA PARADE, GLASGOW.

Hooker's Complete Works.
Iverach's Is God Knowable?
Hallam's Constitutional History of England.

HARRISON & SONS, PALL MALL, S.W.

Bateman's Great Landowners, any edition.
Winslow, Fairy Geography.
Paget and Mason, Record of Expedition against the North-West Frontier Tribes (2 copies).
Medley, Campaigning in India, 1857-58.
Encyclopædia Britannica, 9th edition, red cloth, vols. 10, 17, 18, 19, 20, and 24.
Kidd, Social Evolution, 1st edition.
Magazine of Art, Nov. and Dec., 1892.

JAGGARD & TAYLOR, 81, LORD STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Dunfermline Pamphlets or Books before 1800.
Dialogue betwixt Burgher Kirks, Tatton, 1811.
„ „ „ „ „ 1813.
Proceedings of the Crow Club, „ 1813.
Collection of Excellent Songs, „ 1820.
Rhyming History of Scotland, Thomson, 1845.

LUPTON BROS., BURNLEY.

Annandale's Imperial Dictionary, 4 vols., well bound, fresh as new (Blackie & Son).
English Illus. Magazine, 1894.
Eliot, George: How Liza Loved the King.
„ „ Agatha.
Eliot, George: Essays.
„ „ Brother and Sister.
(all 1st editions, original binding.)

N. MASSEY, 84, PATRICK STREET, CORK.

O'Donovan's Irish Grammar.
Smith's Cork.
„ Waterford.
„ Kerry.
Neale's Celtic Crosses.
Novels, cheap.

B. & J. F. MEEHAN, 32, GAY STREET, BATH.

Review of Reviews, Jan., 1890, to June, 1891, and duplicates of same, cheap.
Poems on Various Occasions, 4to or sm. 8vo, Newark, 1806 or 1807.
Poetical Sketches by W. B., 8vo, 70 pp., 1783
Poetical Sketches of Scarborough, 1813.
Poetry for Children, entirely original, 2 vols., 12mo, 1809.
Romford's Hounds, in original nos.
Roscoe's Novelist's Library, odd vols.
Rowlandson, prints or books illustrated by him.
Scourge (The), vols. 1 to 12, 1811-16.
Second Funeral of Napoleon, 1841.

MIDLAND EDUCATIONAL CO., LD., LEAMINGTON SPA.

Teachers' Aid, vol. 1, parts preferred.
Bartholomew's Atlas of Commercial Geography.
Scott's Marmion, by Masterman.
St. Luke, Cambridge Bible.
Robinson's Church Catechism.
Smith's Arithmetic.

J. MITCHELL, TALBOT ROAD, WREXHAM.

The Microscope and Its Revelations, by Carpenter, revised by Dr. Dallinger.
How to Work with the Microscope, by Lionel S. Beale, latest editions.
Homeopathic medical works, any.

JAS. PARKER & CO., 27, BROAD STREET, OXFORD.

Mr. Kingsley and Dr. Newman, a correspondence, 1864.
Swinhoe, Catalogue of Lepidoptera, I.
Wilson, Narrative of Invasion of Russia by Napoleon, 1860.
Forbes, Gallican Liturgies, 3 parts or part 1.
Mure, Lit. of Greece, 5 ('57) and 4 and 5 ('67).
Breviarium a. u. Sarum (Burntisland Press).
Bullen, Lyrics fr. Eliz. Song Books, 1886.
Bunsen, Analecta Ante-Niceana.
John Day's works, ed. Bullen.
Seth and Haldane, Essays on Philosophy.
Hillard, Narrative of Life of Christ.
Oxford and Camb. Local Exam. Papers, state dates.
Grote, Greece, 9, 10, and 11 (1856 only), 12 (1856 or 1857), also 5 and 6 (1854).

PARRY & CO, MOUNT PLEASANT, LIVERPOOL.

Thomson, Coaching Days and Coaching Ways.
Thomson, Vicar of Wakefield.
Egerton Castle, English Book Plates.
Hamilton, French Book Plates.
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Thackeray, set of works.
Helps' Spanish Conquest, vol. 4.
Froude, Short Studies, 8vo, vol. 3.
Muller's Chip from German Workshop.
Mommsen's History of Rome.
Green's Hist. of English People.
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„ Ladies' Sonnets.
Zeller, any Philosophical Works.
Lowell or Emerson, set.
Kirk's Papers on Health, set.
Books of the East, any.
Freemasonry, early works.
Jefferies, any first edition.
Prescott, any 8vo Hist.
Gardiner, Hist., 10 vols.
„ Civil War.

PHILIP, SON & NEPHEW, 45-51, S. CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Canon Trevor's Ancient Egypt (R.T.S.).
„ „ From Alexander to Napoleon.
Newton's God's Eternal Purposes.
Universal History on Scripture Principles, vol. 2 (Bagster).
Evans' Eton Latin Verse, part 2 (Williams, 1864.)
Miall's Footsteps of our Forefathers.

SANDELL & SMITH, 136, CITY ROAD, E.C.

Ireland's Kent, vols. 2 and 4.
Hume's History of England, 18 vol. ed. Bell, 1854, vols. 12, 13, 14.
Forsyth's Napoleon at St. Helena, vol. 1.
Smith, History of Methodism, vol. 3, 1858.
Life of This Lord Cochrane, vol. 1, 1869.

T. SMYTH, 35, QUEEN STREET, BELFAST.

Proctor's Belfast Scenery.
Hill's Plantation of Ulster.
„ Macdonnells of Antrim.
O'Neill's Irish Sculptured Crosses.
Wood-Martin's Irish Lake Dwellings.
Montgomery, M. S., Belfast, 1830, 12mo.
Benn's Belfast, vol. 2.
Naumann's History of Music, sub. edition, blue cloth, vols. 4 and 5.

W. T. SPENCER, 27, NEW OXFORD ST., W.C

Lever's Rent in a Cloud, N.D.
Dickens' Pickwick Papers, parts 3 and 6.
Stevenson (R. L.), any 1st editions.
Life of Jonathan Wild, 1840.
Morris (W.), Two Sides of the River.

C. TERRY & CO., 80, COLEMAN STREET, LONDON WALL, E.C.

Pusey's Life, vol. 3, several cheap.
Zola's Novels, illus., Vizetelly's edition.
Stevenson's Works, 1st editions.
Jesse's Works, any 8vo editions.

W. H. TICKELL, 61, BLESSINGTON ROAD, LEWISHAM, S.E.

Crowe, Hist. of Painting in Italy, vol. 3.
Bryce, American Commonwealth, vol. 3.
Froude, Erasmus, 8vo.
Gardiner, Civil War, vol. 1.
English Hist. Review, parts, clean.
Morgan, Budget of Paradoxes.

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MATTHEW WELSH, 48, HIGH STREET, MONTROSE.

Pall Mall Magazine, Vols. 1 to 4 inclusive.

E. B. WILDMAN, 10, JAMES STREET, LIVERPOOL.

Vol. 1, Natural History Section, English Cyclopædia.
Burns, by Cunningham, vols. 2 and 4, 12mo, Cochran, London, 1834.

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